HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 1176.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"I DO REFER ME TO THE ORACLE."—SHAKSPEARE.

SOUTHERN SENATOR. "What shall we do about it?"

*HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "A Country Cricket Match," and a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## VETO NUMBER FOUR.

THE explanation of the last veto is very simple. The Democrats, as we have heretofore said, had decided to raise an issue upon what they called the army at the polls, and to attempt the repeal of the national election laws. They thought, perhaps, that the President would acquiesce in these plans, and that thus two things would be accomplished—bulldozing and fraud would be left to the care of the States in which they do not seem to be distasteful to public opinion, and the President would be openly instead of covertly denounced by Republican leaders of the Senate. Both these results would favor Democratic success in 1880, which was the objective point of the extra session. The Democratic chiefs Messrs. THURMAN and BECK plainly announced that if the repeal could not be effected, the government should starve. The bills were made ready, and presented to the President. The President promptly and cogently vetoed them upon clear and incontestable grounds. Three courses only then remained for the baffled Democrats. First, to execute the threat of Mr. THURMAN, and adjourn without making provision for the government; second, to make the provision and accept the disappointment, going to the country upon the merits of the question; and third, to attempt to do indirectly what they were unable to do directly. The last was the least manly course, and this was adopted.

The President's character and views are known. He wishes neither to promote nor to prolong sectional feeling. He is a lawyer and a civilian, and he has no admiration for military methods, and no disposition to misuse military power. But he is a man of clear mind and of entire courage, who is not easily to be confused or deceived. In his vetoes he showed conclusively that the proposition of the Democrats assailed the constitutional duty of the Executive to enforce every where and always the laws of the United States. He showed, also, that no pretense of keeping the peace would authorize a President, in the face of existing statutes, to misuse the army; and he stated frankly that the election laws which the repeal sought to cripple were laws that he approved. This position was forcibly and honorably taken, and commended the President to the hearty respect and confidence of all but Democratic partisans. When, therefore, the Democrats decided to attempt to accomplish their purpose indirectly, either they must have anticipated another veto, or they must have supposed the President unable to perceive a trick. The veto, of course, has undeceived them. The President will not approve indirectly what he condemns directly. The important section of the bill which he has vetoed is this:

"SECTION 2. That the sums appropriated in this act for the persons and public service embraced in its provisions, are in full for such persons and public service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880; and no department or officer of the government shall, during said fiscal year, make any contract or incur any liability for the future payment of money under any of the provisions of title 26 of the Revised Statutes of the United States authorizing the appointment or payment of general or special deputy-marshals for service in connection with elections or on election day until an appropriation sufficient to meet such contract or pay such liability shall have first been made by law."

Now the law requires the President to appoint certain officers for a purpose of the highest importance, which he cordially approves. He can not appoint them without incurring liability for their payment. The section, therefore, forbids him to do what the law requires him to do, and he had no choice but to veto it.

The Democrats have blundered throughout. If they wished to raise an issue upon the army at the polls, they should have chosen some other way of doing it than that which necessarily threw suspicion upon their conduct. The threat that if they could not repeal a law constitutionally, no provision should be made for the government; the apparent enforcement of the threat by making the repeal a rider upon an appropriation bill; when this failed the attempt to secure the same result by another kind of rider, and the necessary final dilemma of passing the appropriations simply, or of adjourning without action, which would compel the President to call another session—this succession of follies, with the doctrines declared by Democratic speakers during their prolonged blundering, and the growing public conviction that the campaign of the extra session was undertaken to make cheating and violence easier for the next election, have produced a profound distrust of Democratic ascendency in the public mind, which the arrogant nagging of some Republican Senators has not wholly effaced. The latest veto is one of a series remarkable for cogency and patriotic spirit, and singularly free from offensive partisanship. They leave the Democrats in the exceedingly disagreeable position of attempting to compass an unworthy end by tricky means. Freedom of elections in the United States has never been endangered or threatened by the army or by national supervision, but it is now and always has been imperilled by fraudulent voting in the Northern States, and by bulldozing of various kinds in the Southern States. The arbitrary rules of the Southern electoral boards were attempts to correct the results of bulldozing. The party which has been mainly responsible for the frauds and the violence now manifests tender interest in freedom of elections. But its methods have raised the ineradicable suspicion that it is not freedom of elections, but freedom of cheating and bullying, which is the real point of interest.

## HOT-WEATHER POLITICS.

THE weather has been very warm, and it has evidently affected the foolish extra session, in which the policy pursued by some Republicans of "nagging the rebel brigadiers" was worthy of very young school-boys. The Republican treatment of a strong position so exasperated the special correspondent of the New York *Herald* that he, also affected by the hot weather and the hot tempers around him, wrote wrathfully:

"The course of the Republican leaders in the Senate this week has been atrocious. They have fought the Army Bill as though they were the rump of the GRANT movement fighting for the last chance to secure an election; or as though, as is commonly conjectured, there were some secret motive in their opposition.... The spirit of the Republican leaders in the Senate shows that it is high time, for the security and peace of the country, to have a change of parties. Like the Democratic party in 1860, these men have been too long in power. They are drunk with an unpatriotic ambition. They show plainly that they do not mean to let go of the government; that they regard the country as their possession, and a political defeat as a personal wrong and robbery of themselves. The impression which this debate has made upon many thoughtful attendants upon it is that no party can be so dangerous to the country as a party led, inspired, and controlled by these men, and that if the Republican party appears in the Presidential canvass under their leadership, it will be the duty of every man who values the country's safety and peace to oppose it and them, no matter who is on the other side....But your correspondent, whose duty it has been to watch all the tedious debates of the extra session, and who has not failed to expose to you the folly and weakness of the Democrats, has seen nothing on the Democratic side, when among the worst element of that party, which at all compares, for wickedness of purpose, for desperation and evil spirit, with the course and temper of the leading Republican Senators during this debate."

This correspondent had condemned the Democratic policy throughout, but he finds something quite as alarming as the Democratic folly in the tone and attitude of some leading Republicans. Does he not, however, attach too much importance to the conduct of individuals?

It is apparently logical that a party should be judged by its representatives, and that it must bear the shame when they are disgraced. Has a party which selects unsatisfactory representatives a right to appeal to what it calls its better sentiment? If better sentiments can not be put into practice, of what use are they? If a party means temperance, and elects drunkards, how is it practically better than one which means intemperance? Republicans are often very angry with the independent voters because sometimes, as in 1876, they supported the Democratic candidate. And the reason given for the anger is that independent voters know the Republican to be the party of intelligence, patriotism, and progress. But how does the country gain if such a party is represented by those who are not intelligent, nor patriotic, nor progressive? Because a party claims to be the party of honesty, ought its candidate to be supported if he is dishonest? Who wishes to drink muddy water merely because it ought to be clear? The Republican party for the last few years has been unquestionably the political organization of the more intelligent and patriotic masses of the people, but this spirit was so misrepresented in many ways that hosts of intelligent and patriotic citizens were disgusted and alienated, and the party was nearly routed in 1876. These are troublesome considerations. But the way to deal with the difficulty is not to shut your eyes and hold your tongue. The first thing even for party men to do toward correction of whatever endangers the party is to refuse to "swallow things" merely because they have a party label, and plainly to condemn any leader who shows himself to be unfit to lead. If, indeed, politics were as severely logical as the questions that we have supposed imply, when leaders disgusted us we should naturally desert the party. But would this be fair, and should we help the country by taking this course? If in 1860 an antislavery man had refused to co-operate with the Republican party because he thought Mr. SUMNER too violent or Mr. SEWARD too confident, some other Republicans too timid, and still others too trimming, he would have been a very foolish fellow.

To accomplish great political ends there must be political organization. But that the organization may be effective it must not be an army blindly obeying a general: it must be a society of independent men whose independence restrains the excesses and condemns the follies of representatives. Moreover, men who are very conceited, ill-tempered, and pompous may yet advocate a sound policy and wise measures, although they may do it in an exceedingly offensive way. We can not refuse to march often with men of very bad manners, or even very bad morals. If the questions in 1880 should be the wisdom and constitutionality of the national election laws, and the enforcement of the legitimate national authority as asserted by statute and not condemned by the Supreme Court, hostility to the fatal sophistries of State sovereignty, and maintenance of the national faith in the spirit of the contract, we all know where the two parties would stand upon them. But ought a man who favors the Republican view of these questions to vote against it because of "the atrocious conduct" of some Republicans? If their conduct should imperil the ends sought, as it certainly would if it disgusted the country, the true party plan would be to show honest Republicans that such leadership is injurious because it repels the votes of honorable and intelligent men. Those, therefore, who think that blaming Republicans is something that should be left to Democrats, forget that a policy of silence is one that every Republican rascal desires. An honorable man will work through a party, but he will not be enslaved by it. The right of grumbling and of bolting is among the reserved rights of every patriotic American.

## THE ARMY BILL.

THE President has approved the new form of the Army Appropriation Bill, which prohibits the use of the army as a police force. He declined to approve the earlier form of the bill, which struck out the words authorizing him to use military force if necessary to keep the peace at the polls. He has also declined, as we consider elsewhere, to approve the bill practically forbidding him to obey the law which commands him to appoint supervisors of elections. The view that the President takes of the Army Bill is that of leading Republicans in the House, including Messrs. GARFIELD and HAWLEY, and confirms that which the President himself has already expressed. The law as it now stands gives the President the same authority to keep the peace at national elections that Governors have at State elections. If marshals and their deputies, civil officers of the United States, are resisted in the performance of their lawful duty, and the law is defied beyond their power to execute, it is to be enforced by military means. If the United States may properly supervise the elections of their own officers, they may certainly enforce their lawful supervision if it becomes necessary; and if the civil officer transcends his authority, he can be dealt with by the law. The legitimate objection to offer is to the laws, not to their enforcement.

Is there any latent mischief in the provision as it now stands authorizing the employment of military means to keep the peace at the polls? There seems to us to be none whatever. The President is sworn to execute the laws. The law regulating elections prescribes the duties of supervisors and marshals. Those duties of course are to be performed, and the officers sustained, but there is an express law that the army shall not be used as an ordinary *posse*, and there is a bristling hedge of statutes to prevent military interference with elections. The express restriction which the President has approved, prohibiting the use of the army even as a police force, superfluously completes the restraint. The argument has been that under the words "keep the peace" lurked authority to station troops at the polls in anticipation of disorder, and that thus a wicked President might overawe peaceful citizens. But the President by signing the bill shows his perfect willingness doubly to assure assurance. To strike out the words would be to ordain that he should not keep the peace at the polls if necessary, and that he should not do his duty. The words have no other force than to express his duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. As for wicked Presidents, the Constitution which makes the President commander-in-chief of the army and the navy, and orders him to execute the laws, gives a bad man all the apparent authority that he needs for mischief. If he chooses to be restrained by law, the law by express enactment absolutely forbids any kind of bayonet at the polls, except, indeed, that of the rifle club and the red shirt.

In his reasoning and action upon the whole subject the President has well represented the conviction of the Republican party. He has been assailed by the denunciations of Democrats and by the sneers and taunts of Republicans; but, as usual, he has received the approval of good citizens, and both denouncing Democrats and sneering Republicans have probably learned that he is neither to be bulldozed nor cajoled.

## CHEAP READING.

A LETTER from Boston in the Brooklyn *Eagle* reports a melancholy agreement among noted publishers in that city upon the torpidity of the book trade. One of them replied, crisply, to a question about the prospects of the trade, "It is dead." Another said, "There is really nothing doing in the publishing line." Still another could see no sign of approaching prosperity. They agreed also upon the explanation—hard times and cheap publications. Among the latter, and perhaps chief among them, the "Franklin Square Library" is mentioned as the representative of the cheap literature which harms those whom one of the Boston interlocutors calls "the small publishers." But not them alone. The truth is that the best foreign works, old and new, are now to be bought for fifteen or twenty cents; and for the five dollars which formerly bought a good book or two, a man now buys a small library of good books.

A striking illustration of the present cheapness of books is that of JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S *History of Our Own Times*. It is to be completed in four volumes, and two are now issued in London at nine dollars. No book of the year has been more heartily and generally welcomed as a singularly graphic and interesting sketch of the men and women and events of the Victorian reign, and it has passed rapidly through several editions in England. These two volumes are issued in the "Franklin Square Library" for twenty cents. It is almost incredible, and the buyer of library books asks himself anxiously whether the best English literature is henceforth to be known to us in America only in a newspaper form or in very costly editions. Is there to be no alternative? Is the American reprint of fair form and moderate price to disappear altogether? This is a very serious question for the universally reading Yankee nation.

The key to the situation, however, is evident. Heretofore authorized American reprints have been made upon terms satisfactory to the authors and agreeable to the buyers, and the authorized editions have been respected by other publishers. But this respect has vanished among certain publishers. If an American publisher had issued a neat and reasonably cheap edition of M'CARTHY'S *History*, paying him a handsome percentage, the market would have been flooded within a week with a republication so cheap that competition would be impossible. Of course under such circumstances it becomes equally impossible to pay the author any percentage. Every body suffers—the author, the American publisher who would gladly pay if he could, and the American reader who wishes a good book in a good and permanent form. For some time publishers, who have paid large sums to the best English authors for the republication of their works, have seen them issued immediately in the cheapest form, and such publishers naturally defend themselves by cheap issues, but, as we have said, at the cost of inability to pay the author. There is no remedy for the author or for the American publisher, except some understanding by which the American author may choose his publisher in England, and the English author his publisher in America. This is the arrangement which the leading English authors desired to make seven or eight years ago, and it is one which is essentially fair, under the circumstances, toward all interests concerned. A recent form of the proposition has received very general approval, and the inability of American readers to find any other than temporary forms of English books will doubtless

show them that they are interested in the question as much as the publishers whose gloomy forebodings are described in the Boston letter.

## WALKING TO VICTORY.

THE success of WESTON in the great walking match was as much a surprise as a pleasure. Mr. WESTON, although the longest known among the walkers, has been always more famous for failures than triumphs, and when his name appeared among the competitors in London there was doubtless a general feeling on this side of the water that he would soon drop out of the race. But whether, as one ingenious critic asserts, he has always set himself too high a standard, or whether his long persistence has been a most useful training, or whether there has been always some unlucky chance until now, still the fact remains that Mr. WESTON has performed one of the great feats of endurance, and has surpassed the effort of ROWELL, which excited the city of New York as much as any incident since the war. The vast crowds that stood for hours before the bulletin-boards, the freedom with which every body inquired of every body else in the street how the figures stood, and the universal conversation upon the match in every circle, were all extraordinary and comical.

The victory of the Columbia College crew, the successes of Parole, of HANLAN, and of WESTON, have been very agreeable to the modest American. Some of the improvements of the events have been as good as the events themselves. The victories have been traced to some mysterious influence of our institutions. The effeteness of monarchical systems became more evident to many minds in the degree that ELLIOTT lagged behind HANLAN, or that Columbia shot ahead; and a well-contested bicycle contest in which, for instance, Mr. LLEWELLYN JOHNSON, of Orange, New Jersey, an amateur who has made extraordinary time, should lead all England, would probably prefigure to such minds the immediate decline and fall off of the British Empire. Nothing has been more marked than the entire good nature upon all sides, and this is unexpected in sporting circles. There is usually so much money at stake among men who are not accustomed to turn the other cheek when one is smitten, that rows like those at the HEENAN combat are always imminent. But at the ROWELL match in New York, although it began as a strictly national competition between an Englishman, an American, and an Irishman, and although there were some ugly mutterings, yet when the little Englishman steadily kept the lead and won, there was perfect acquiescence and good feeling.

The walking and running and rowing matches are very much better than the prize-fights of former years, and it is probable that they will supersede them. No man need be ashamed of his interest in a clean contest of feet or oars; but nobody can help being ashamed of interest in the brutal endeavors of two men to pummel each other to a jelly. The details of a prize-fight are always revolting, although THACKERAY did try to make something out of the SAYERS and HEENAN contest. But the contests of the athletic ground, of the boat and the bicycle, are of civilization, not of barbarism. Turn about is fair play, and as all Americans cordially applauded the plucky little ROWELL, so Mr. WESTON'S success is one in which every body can sympathize, and it shows our excellent brother Bull what, with time and care and patience, he may hope to do.

## MAD ANTHONY WAYNE.

ANOTHER of the Revolutionary "centennials" in which New York is especially interested is rapidly approaching. On the 16th of July, 1779, at two o'clock in the morning, "Mad" ANTHONY WAYNE wrote to WASHINGTON:

"DEAR GENERAL,—The fort and garrison of Colonel JOHNSON are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free. Yours, most sincerely."

Stony Point is about forty miles above New York, upon the Hudson, and the works begun by WASHINGTON had been seized by Sir HENRY CLINTON early in the year; and when WASHINGTON talked with WAYNE about attempting the recapture, Mad ANTHONY replied: "General, I'll storm hell, if you'll plan it." He did storm Stony Point, and with a well-directed fury that swept it into his hands. As he led the right column, he was shot in the head, and thought that his wound was mortal. "Carry me into the fort," he said, "and let me die at the head of my column." Six hundred "redcoats" laid down their arms, and Mad ANTHONY'S fiery name passed into our history.

There have been so many "centennials" that public interest flags a little. But every one of them is really very interesting, and none more so than the series upon the Hudson River. The struggle for the mastery of the Hudson was the crucial contest of the Revolution, and is full of the most important and romantic events, from the surrender of BURGOYNE and the treason of ARNOLD to the fate of ANDRÉ and the ride of CHAMPE. It is the neutral ground of the Hudson upon which COOPER lays the scene of his *Spy*. It was up the Hudson that MONTGOMERY passed toward Canada, and that GEORGE CLINTON and General PUTNAM hurried when CLINTON'S fleet broke through the chain and boom at West Point, and Kingston was burned. It is all historic ground, as LOSSING'S *Field-Book* and his *Hudson* amply testify, and none of its many incidents is more heroic than the capture of Stony Point.

The Revolutionary anniversaries are very grateful, because they draw our minds from the passionate politics of the moment to the times when a "Continental" feeling was the sign of a true patriotism. There were undoubtedly sectional feelings and alienations then as always, but there was also a broader and more generous emotion which made men proud of a country rather than of a colony, and produced the national sentiment which has been deepening and strengthening ever since. The lesson of the day at Stony Point will be what it has been at all similar places on such days—the duty of cultivating an American feeling, and of discouraging every merely sectional appeal, from whatever source, North or South, or East or West, it may come. The number of gentlemen from all quarters who have been recently strutting about with chips upon their shoulders, convaynient for knocking off, is large. But such figures do not strike the eye as pleasantly as ANTHONY WAYNE and his brave fellows charging up the hill at Stony Point, or JOHN STARK and his fellow-farmers on the Walloomsic. There are plenty of living men as brave as those dead heroes—men as patriotic and wise—in all sections and in all parties, and they are the men who must do as WAYNE and STARK did. They must compel the surrender of the enemy; and the enemy to-day is the spirit that fosters suspicion and hostility among fellow-citizens.

## ROBERT COLLYER.

ANOTHER eloquent preacher is coming to New York, and one who, upon the platform as well as in the pulpit, will be heartily welcome. ROBERT COLLYER has been so long identified with Chicago, and has been so marked and strong and humane an influence there, that it is not surprising his people should be disturbed by the imminence of a great loss. Mr. COLLYER is a natural orator, a man of great vital force, of sturdy frame, and vigorous health. He is not a theological but an emotional preacher, touching the springs of humor and tenderness and aspiration, and unfolding with profound conviction the beauty of holiness. He was born in Yorkshire, near Haworth, the birth-place of CHARLOTTE BRONTË and her sisters, and he worked for some time near Philadelphia in a blacksmithy. He was a Methodist, and had the gift of exhortation; but in leaving his old religious connection he left only a certain form which had ceased to be satisfactory to him, but retained all the fervor, the sweetness, and the force of religious conviction in which there is no Methodist, or Baptist, or Unitarian.

He has lived for twenty years in Chicago, and during all that time he has been one of the most popular of preachers to young persons and to all earnest inquirers. The Yorkshire accent—a crisp, rich tone—gives a singular charm to his address, and a vein of humorous anecdote and personal reminiscence, not transcending the sense of clerical fitness, enlivens his discourse. His manner is very quiet. There is no "storm and stress" in his oratory, nothing histrionic or "sensational." It is the preaching of a healthy, strong, poetic, and good man, to whom nothing seems so desirable as goodness.

Mr. COLLYER comes in September, and he will be a notable addition to the New York clerical force. He comes to a church of which a very eminent preacher was the former minister, the Reverend Doctor ORVILLE DEWEY, who, in a tranquil and happy age, is still living in Berkshire, Massachusetts. Dr. DEWEY preached in the church upon Broadway opposite the New York Hotel, now a theatre, and his singularly eloquent sermons were heard, especially in the evening, by noted and eminent persons of every religious faith. Dr. OSGOOD was his successor. Mr. COLLYER will doubtless revive the traditions of the church and its pulpit, and New York will have another faithful clergyman and magnetic orator.

## HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

AT the Commencement of the Charlier Institute, a few evenings since, the Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, who has an excellent gift of plain speech, said, in a brief address: "My blood boils when I see how some men ride over the community. The greatest highway robbery ever committed was by the elevated railways, for they robbed us of our highways. I know that rapid transit is necessary; we must have it. But I hold that when corporations take away the property of the widow and the orphan, and give nothing in its place, it is robbery, and nothing but robbery."

This emphatic remark was received with hearty applause, for its truth was instantly and universally recognized. There are poor men and women, whose sole income was derived from the rent of rooms, who are now deprived of their living by inability to let rooms which front the elevated roads, while, on the other hand, those who advanced the money to build the roads have already realized fortunes. The franchise was given. But those who gave the franchise gave away the bread of honest poor people.

This is the reason that the management of the elevated roads is so jealously watched. The stockholders have obtained an immense property for nothing, a property which was vested in the community, and the community naturally feels that it has a peculiar right to the utmost and most careful service. It is certainly a monstrous wrong that there is no obligation to pay damages, and that property may be devastated on all sides by legislative or municipal grant without remedy. Such waste and abuse of privileges can not be defended by saying that elevated railways are great public benefits, which we gladly concede. It would be a public convenience to be transported rapidly for fifteen cents instead of ten, but that is not an argument for the higher price. The public may pay too dearly for any new whistle.

The movement for a reduction of fares last winter was also the result of the feeling that the public had suffered by the terms of the enterprise, and that something should have been paid for the franchise. Yet, unless the terms of the grant reserved the right of regulating fares, such a proposition was simple communism. Dr. CROSBY is correct in saying that we must have cheap transit. Indeed, the elevated city railway is one of the most useful of recent enterprises. Every body who makes use of it is grateful. It has made New York a manageable city. But it is evident that the terms of its construction were more favorable to the owners than the public advantage warranted, and the demand for the cheapest fare and the amplest accommodation and the utmost security is but reasonable in return for a gift which has sacrificed so much private right that Dr. CROSBY forcibly describes it as highway robbery.

## PERSONAL.

A LATE number of the London *Examiner*, alluding to certain arrangements recently made between YAKOOB KHAN and Lord LYTTON, says there are rumors from Afghanistan that Russia will not quietly acquiesce in them. She has, it is reputed, a "national" candidate for the throne, ABDUL RAHMAN, a grandson of DOST MOHAMMED, who has long been a Russian pensioner. The article in the *Examiner* presents a state of things that was almost literally predicted by Major A. G. CONSTABLE in his interesting work on Afghanistan, published a few months ago by HARPER & BROTHERS, in their "Half-hour Series." Major C. says: "It is said that General KAUFMANN, the Russian Governor-General of the Khanates, gives him [ABDUL RAHMAN] fifteen thousand dollars a year. This man is, therefore, one of the main factors in the present state of affairs, as he may be used as the Russian *protégé* to the throne of Cabool, on the ground that his father, AFZUL KHAN, was the rightful successor to DOST MOHAMMED."

—Mr. WILLIAM WINTER'S poem delivered recently at Albany, at the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, "owed its splendid reception," says the Hartford *Courant*, "to the fact that the poet struck the key-note of the occasion. Referring to the time when at Philadelphia in 1876 he delivered the regular poem before the society, he said, 'But the times are strangely changed; I seem not to know which cause has lost and which cause has won.' The sensation produced was profound out of all proportion to the simple language, and it was almost painful in its expectation, till some one broke in with three cheers for the Union, which were given with tremendous fire. The poem is a wonderfully tender tribute to the dead, without political allusion or retrospect; but its effect upon that hushed and half-tearful audience (and remember it was not spoken till midnight, and was the last of the regular responses) was something amazing. Not a sound was heard in the great hall, except the nervous and passionate voice of the poet, broken in on only at the close of each stanza with a tempest of cheering. And when it ended, the deep feelings of the audience found relief anew in long-continued cheering, the whole company rising to its feet, waving napkins, and greeting the singer with demonstrations of the greatest delight."

—A pretty incident of the recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Albany is related by one of the newspapers of that city: "While Van Houten Post, G. A. R., was marching up State Street, Albany, on Tuesday, an old man, accompanied by a beautiful young lady about nineteen years of age, advanced from the sidewalk during a halt, and said that his daughter desired permission to take in her hands the tattered flag carried by the Post. The colors were handed to the young lady, and she clasped them with a patriotic ardor such as was common during the war, giving utterance to enraptured expressions of delight. Noticing her enthusiastic actions, the commandant tore a minute section from the flag and handed it to her. After pressing it to her lips she placed it to her bosom, declaring she would always cherish it as a holy thing."

—Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE was received in a very flattering manner at the court of Berlin, and his appointment is very warmly commended by the Continental press. Since the death of BAYARD TAYLOR the business of the legation has been conducted by the secretary, Mr. EVERETT, son of the late EDWARD EVERETT.

—Quite a compliment was recently paid to Judge TREAT, of St. Louis, in London. He happened into one of the courts, where the presiding judge was engaged on a case referring to the infringement of a design, in which he said that there were no English decisions reported on the point at issue, but there appeared to be numerous American decisions. Instantly a card was sent up from a gentleman who had that moment arrived in court, and who was at once requested to take a seat on the bench. The Master of the Rolls shook hands with him cordially, and then announced, "Mr. Justice TREAT, an American judge." And his lordship promptly availed himself of the knowledge which Judge TREAT so curiously and opportunely afforded him.

—It was curious, as showing the newness of Western life, that at the recent dinner given by the Boston Commercial Club to the Commercial Club of Chicago, ROBERT T. LINCOLN, son of the late President, was the only native-born citizen of Illinois present, and he was a graduate of Harvard.

—CHARLES FOSTER, Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is an active gleaner of sequins. In Fostoria, which takes its name from him, he is a banker, a dealer in general merchandise, in grain, and in hardware, and a partner in a spoke factory and barrel factory. He Fosters all these different interests.

—Mr. ALVAN CLARK, the famous maker of telescopes in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is seventy-six years of age, hale and energetic and skillful. For forty years he was a successful portrait painter, before he took to telescopes.

—A lady correspondent at Washington, writing of Senator HILL, of Georgia, says: "He has been a Methodist class-leader or preacher, and a certain aroma of sanctimoniousness seems to emanate from his sandy face, or to hover over it like an aura. His hair is sandy, touched with gray, with a slight fringe of the same below his chin. His mouth is clean-cut and resolute, his eyes light blue, with a certain meditative, introverted light in them which shows that he does considerable thinking after a fashion of his own."

—Lord BEACONSFIELD has lost none of his keen sarcasm and quickness of repartee. Recently he said to a member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, who came to tell him that the Chamber intended to vote resolutions condemnatory of the ministerial policy on the Eastern question: "I have heard a great deal about Manchester 'clayed cotton,' which is disgracing the English name in China. Please tell your Chamber that if they attend to my business, I will try and attend to theirs."

—Miss LILIAN TAYLOR, the accomplished daughter of our late minister to Germany, has translated the play of *Masks and Faces* into German, and it has been successfully produced at Berlin.

—Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON'S house in London is a beautiful one, with a Dutch exterior and a very quaint interior. Not the least lovely thing in the drawing-room is a lily painted on the mirror over the mantel, and so charming is it in its decorative effect that one would never suspect it had been put there by the host as a make-shift to hide a huge crack caused by the heat of a lamp.

—Mr. CHARLES DICKENS'S "last letter," dated the 8th of June, 1870, has been presented by Mr. CHARLES KENT to the British Museum, where, it is believed, it will before long be on view among the cases devoted to the exhibition of interesting autographs of eminent persons. This "last letter" was originally published in the *Athenæum*, and went the round of all the English papers on both sides of the Atlantic.

—Miss THOMPSON (Mrs. BUTLER) has been requested by Queen VICTORIA to paint for her two battle scenes, one of them being of the field of Rorke's Drift. This is considered a great compliment in England—a condescension, indeed, since it comes in the form of an amiable "request," when in other cases it has been a "command."

—The "Magdalen," by MURILLO, brought 25,000 francs at a recent sale in Paris. This magnificent painting was given by FERDINAND VII. to Queen CHRISTINA, but was sold by order of Queen ISABELLA, and became the property of a rich collector. A "Portrait of La Monna Lizza," attributed to LEONARDO DA VINCI, brought 12,200 francs at the same sale.

—A handsome sum, says the London *World*, ought to fall into the Exchequer on the death of Baron ROTHSCHILD. He was father of his family in the strictest patriarchal sense. Not a tree could be felled, a bedstead removed, or a coat of paint put on a cottage door on property nominally his sons', without the express sanction of the baron. The sons occupied houses and estates by themselves, but the property was the father's, and he did not forget it. He was not the man to provide for his sons, as rich men do, during his lifetime. There will therefore be succession duty payable on the scale as if ABRAHAM had died, assuming that such troubles as taxes existed in his day.

—The many friends of Mr. WHISTLER will be pleased to learn that his temporary pecuniary difficulties are at an end. The lengthened trial in which he was engaged with Mr. RUSKIN involved him in considerable expense, and compelled him to place his affairs in the hands of his creditors. A meeting was recently held, and upon Mr. WHISTLER handing over all his property, the creditors unanimously decided to liquidate his affairs privately, and granted him an immediate discharge.

—Fifty years ago WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON wrote a letter to a friend, asking a loan of five dollars, to pay a fine imposed on him for not "training." He says that he is announced to speak on the "Fourth," and that his "knees knock together at the thought of facing so large a concourse;" and he adds: "I expect to get a journeyman's berth immediately after the Fourth; but if I do not, I shall take the stage to Newburyport, and dig on the case." He was a type-setter then.

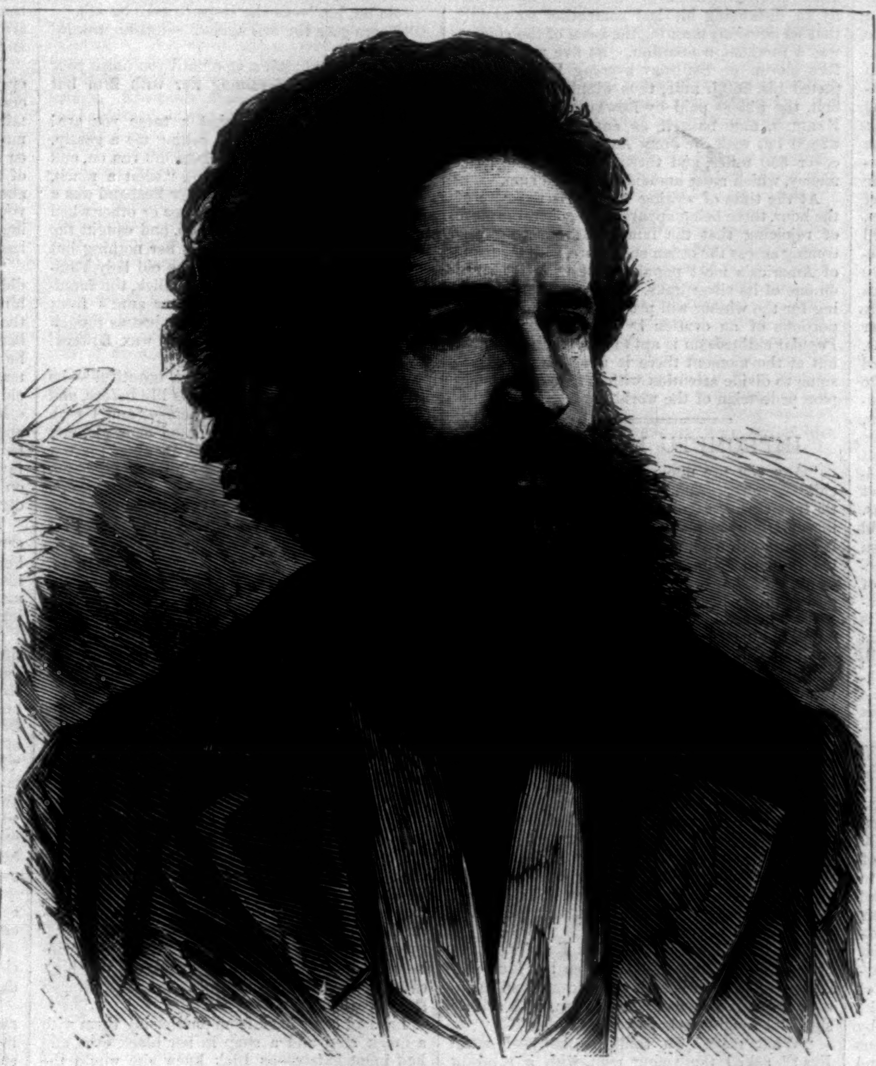
—The chief prizes of the Paris Salon were awarded on the 5th ult. The Prix du Salon, 4000 francs per annum for three years of foreign studies, goes to M. FLAMENG for his picture of the Girondins in prison, and the two honorary medals to M. CAROLUS DURAN for two portraits, and M. DE ST. MARCEAUX for his sculpture, "Génie gardant le Secret de la Tombe." The French government have sanctioned the purchase for the state of the following groups of statuary in the Salon: "St. Christopher," by COUTAN; "Young Girl inciting Two Cocks to Fight," by LENOIR; "Maternal Love," by HECTOR LEMAIRE; "Saint Martin," by SCHOENEWERK; and "Orestes taking Refuge at the Altar of Pallas," by HUGOLIN. The government has also purchased GUILLAUMET'S painting of "Laghanat in the Sahara Desert," which is to be placed in the Luxembourg Gallery. An illustrated catalogue of the Salon, similar to Mr. BLACKBURN'S "Academy" and "Grosvenor Notes," has been issued this year for the first time.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE AND THE CAPTURE OF STONY POINT—THE SCENE IN WAR AND IN PEACE.—[See Page 547.]

## HANS MAKART.

THIS distinguished artist was born in the picturesque city of Salzburg, in 1840. He early evinced a predilection for painting, and studied his profession under the celebrated German artist PILOTY at Munich. On the completion of his studies he travelled in Italy and other lands, and at length settled in Vienna, where he fitted up a large studio, and set himself to historical painting with earnestness and zeal. His first work of this character, "Catherine Cornaro," is now in the Berlin National Gallery, for which it was purchased at the price of $12,500. His most celebrated work is "The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1878.

Of this great work the French critic VICTOR CHERBULIEZ said, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "MAKART has depicted CHARLES V. as he entered the city of Antwerp with a train of nude or semi-nude women. The artist must have considered deeply and seriously before it became clear to his own mind how these women should be represented. He could not picture women of refinement, surprised and confused, as that would have been inartistic; and to paint women of another grade would have been unbecoming the dignity of a historical work. He got out of the difficulty by painting these nymphs as neither ashamed nor shameless; they seem to be doing the most natural thing in the world, something they had done all their lives." Many of our readers must have seen this picture at Paris, or at least have become acquainted with it through the beautiful etching by LALAUZE, which accompanies the first volume of *L'Art*, recently published, and we are sure they will be pleased to look upon the portrait of the distinguished artist.



HANS MAKART.

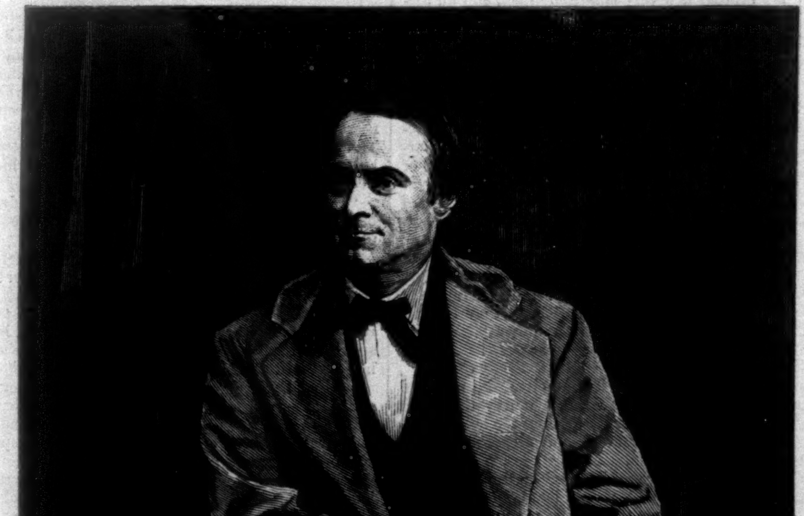
## EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

THAT WESTON should be the man to carry off the honors of the recent international walking match causes general satisfaction to the sporting world on this side of the ocean, while the English undoubtedly prefer to surrender the famous belt to him rather than to an American pedestrian who has spent less time among them, and with whose genial character and admirable qualities they are less familiar. WESTON is a man who has achieved popularity among classes who do not always look kindly upon professional athletes. His friendship with Sir JOHN D. ASTLEY, the sporting baronet, who gives his name to the belt for which the pedestrians contend, is of old and intimate character, and he is accustomed to being honored and fêted by persons in high places whenever he is in England. On the different occasions of his walking in America he has been attended by physicians of high repute, such as Drs. DOREMUS and TAYLOR; and his correspondence with Dr. THEODORE CUYLER, on subjects of common interest both to the athlete and the clergyman, at one time filled some interesting columns in our daily newspapers.

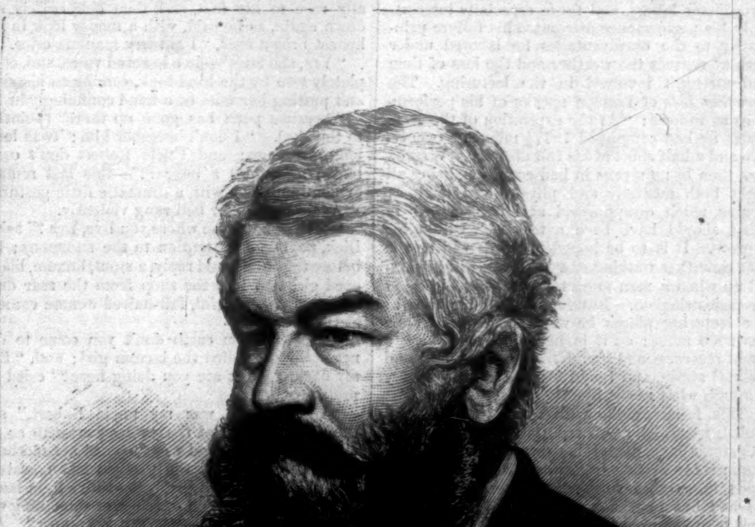
As regards the portraits that we publish on this page of WESTON and the English baronet, the former will do little more than recall the remembrance of features already familiar. A few years ago, after one of his great walks, the name of the pedestrian was upon nearly all lips, and his photograph in thousands of private dwellings as well as in most public places. There were Weston shoes, Weston hats, and Weston coats; musicians composed Weston marches, and young ladies danced to Weston waltzes. Fortunately the portraits that are obtained of him are in most cases excellent, his features being apparently adapted to representation by photographic art. His face is a typical New England one, clean-cut and shrewd. He is small and compact, and his flesh is exceedingly solid. In regard to endurance, physicians who have attended him upon the track speak of it as unparalleled, while his recuperative powers, when exhausted, astonish even those who are familiar with the remarkable rallying power of persons in his and similar professions. He will lie down in such an exhausted condition that it is seemingly impossible for him to rise again in a dozen hours, but in three or four he will be up and in full possession of his normal vigor. In this way he will keep on day after day performing feats that would apparently wreck the strongest constitution, but which, so far as can be discovered, result in no injury to him. In disposition WESTON is sanguine, and, as even his friends are forced to admit, apt to promise more than he can perform. This fact, in connection with one or two failures to carry out certain contests that he had undertaken with expressions of the strongest self-confidence, has of late done much toward deposing him from the position of favorite that he once held. In the late race the odds were fearfully against him, but his marvellous performance has so restored him to popular favor that he now enjoys a fame entirely without precedent in the history of pedestrianism.

When WESTON'S biography shall come to be written there will be no lack of material, and the first document to be consulted will be a quaint sketch of his early life prepared by his mother for one of our sporting newspapers. From this we learn that he was a weak, sickly child, weighing at his birth only four pounds and six ounces. This event took place at Providence, Rhode Island, on the 15th of March, 1839. As a boy WESTON showed no powers of endurance, and up to the age of nineteen was considered a rather delicate and feeble youth. He first came before the public in the spring of 1861. He then walked from Boston to Washington to witness the inauguration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The feat was performed in payment of a wager that Mr. LINCOLN would not be elected. He started from the steps of the Boston State-House on the 22d of February, and reached Washington on March 3. The whole distance travelled was 453 miles, and the actual time occupied was 208 hours. The following year WESTON attempted to repeat this walk, only in the opposite direction, starting from Washington; but meeting with an accident while passing along an embankment on the Susquehanna River, he determined to abandon the project. Soon after we hear of him as engaged in selling periodicals in New York city. This occupation, which, as he carried it on, necessitated much walking, had the effect of developing his already remarkable powers of endurance, and he determined to venture upon another pedestrian feat. This time the journey was to be from Portland to Chicago.

Long-distance pedestrianism was not at this time a familiar thing to the general public, and the announcement that a man was to undertake to walk 1226 miles on ordinary roads in thirty consecutive days created great excitement. It



EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.



SIR JOHN D. ASTLEY.

was said at the time that he was walking for a purse of $10,000 in case he accomplished the undertaking, and $6000 if he succeeded in making 100 miles in twenty-four hours. On the 29th of October, 1867, at noon, he set out from Portland. He made four attempts to cover the 100 miles in twenty-four hours. In the first attempt he made sixty-three miles; in the second, even less, on account of bad roads; in the third, ninety-one miles, with over three hours to do the nine miles in, but gave up, he says, by the advice of his trainers and friends, who were with him. This failure hurt Weston, who was openly charged with being bought off; but he always stoutly denied the charge. His last attempt to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours was made on the 25th of November; he only made eighty-six miles. He reached Chicago on Thanksgiving-day, November 28, and was received with great demonstrations. This walk made Weston's name a household word for months, and really gave the impulse to the pedestrian mania which has since become so general. Weston went on in his novel profession, completing one walk after another, sometimes failing to accomplish the feat undertaken, but winning his way into popular favor by his admirable principles and strict conduct—qualities not usually to be met with in professional pedestrians. These won him the support of many who would otherwise have withheld it, and on the occasion of his appearance in the lecture field—which occupation he soon began to combine with that of walking—he drew about him large and respectable audiences interested in athletic sports. His exhibition walks also became a feature of his career. At one of these, given in Steinway Hall, Horace Greeley presided, and Weston's remarkable exposition of pedestrianism won him the admiring applause of some of New York's most prominent citizens.

In 1875 the interest exhibited in walking matches in England induced Weston to visit that country, where he walked in several remarkable matches, the most noticeable of which was the feat undertaken in January of this year, when he attempted a walk of 2000 miles in 1000 hours (Sundays excluded) along the turnpikes of Great Britain. In other words, he hoped to accomplish the distance in thirty-five days and sixteen hours, or 856 hours in all. Sir John Astley, who was intensely interested in Weston's performances, bet him £500 to £100 that he could not do it. The event proved that Weston had fallen into his not infrequent error of overestimating his strength. But although he failed to accomplish what he had undertaken, by a few miles, he performed an almost marvellous amount of labor in walking and lecturing, and was received in all the places that he passed through with the utmost enthusiasm. Weston travelled through thirty-one counties of England, and 190 cities and towns. During nearly the whole journey he had to contend with the most inclement weather. For the last fifteen miles it rained in torrents, and under foot it was almost one continuous pool. Weston and the judge who accompanied him were drenched through to the skin at Ealing, and for the remainder of the distance encountered nothing but a continuance of heavy showers. At the end of his walk, however, Weston seemed none the worse for his extraordinary labors, and those especially interested in his performance attributed his failure principally to the disadvantages he labored under both as regards the weather and the loss of time and strength involved in the lecturing. The *Sporting Life* of London speaks of his performance as follows: "At the expiration of the 1000 hours he had completed 1977½ miles, or twenty-two and a half short of his full distance. Weston was then by no means in bad condition, being all right both mentally and physically, though, of course, much disappointed at having failed in what should have been a task well within his powers. It is to be hoped that this will be the last time that walking and lecturing will be mixed up when a man undertakes to do a big thing in pedestrianism. But for wasting his time at the lecturing places he would have easily done his 2000 miles; as it is, he has lost making a great record, gone through tremendous bodily and mental strain, and found himself spoiled merely through what seems like sheer waste of time."

This failure, along with those that had preceded, naturally destroyed public confidence in Weston's estimate of his own powers, and disinclined the betting fraternity to risk their money upon their old favorite. As already suggested, he had but few backers in the event that has just taken place. Not until the contest was well under way did it become apparent that Weston was about to resume his place as the greatest pedestrian the world has yet produced. When the four, Weston, Brown, Ennis, and Harding, entered the track at one o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 16, Brown was the favorite at 6 to 4; 5 to 1 was bet against Ennis, who was considered not to be in good form, having strained his loins a few days before the race in rescuing two women from danger; 6 to 1 was bet against Harding; and Weston was not thought of, except by those who wanted to bet 10 to 1 that he would not win. Ennis was, as usual, taken sick during the first day, and was obliged to take a rest of sixteen hours. Harding also felt so badly that he went from the track, and staid off thirteen hours. They both returned on Tuesday, but on Wednesday both withdrew from the contest, Ennis having completed 161 miles, and Harding 109 miles. This narrowed it down to a match between Brown and Weston, and until eleven o'clock Thursday morning Brown was the leader and favorite. At that time his score was 346 miles 2 laps, and he was resting in his tent, having, as his trainers claimed, a very bad leg. While he thus rested, Weston, who had been gradually gaining upon him, passed him, and the name of the American went to the front on the blackboard. From that time to the end he went steadily on, distancing his last competitor so rapidly that on Saturday morning the issue of the contest was a foregone conclusion. At five minutes before eleven on Saturday evening Weston completed his 550th mile, thus winning the Astley belt, the $2500 paid by Rowell, Brown, Ennis, Harding, and himself as entrance money, the $2500 bet with Sir John Astley that he would cover 550 miles, and three-fourths of the gate-money, which must amount to a large sum.

At the time of writing Weston is the hero of the hour, there being apparently a general rapture of rejoicing that the famous Astley trophy is coming across the ocean once more, with the name of America's most popular pedestrian inscribed on one of its silver links. The reception in waiting for the winner will probably swell to the proportions of an ovation by the time he arrives. Popular enthusiasm is apt to be a transient thing, but at the moment there is none who may presume to divide attention with Weston, the champion pedestrian of the world.

## IMPROMPTU FIRE-WORKS.

"Are you my uncle Robert?" said a sweet, childish voice. And stopping the cheerful whistle that always accompanied his work, and looking up from the plane that was loudly lisping as it rapidly skimmed along the board he was planing, Richard Foster saw, standing in the doorway of his workshop—a bright June sunbeam resting on her pretty head—a little fair-haired girl.

Lost in astonishment, he did not answer the child, but gazed at her with wide-opened eyes. She had appeared so suddenly and quietly, and, moreover, she was so unlike the round-faced, rosy-cheeked, white-haired, chubby little ones of his native village—so fair, so fragile, with a strange, yearning look in her large violet-blue eyes, and a tint of purest gold on the long flowing hair that fell about her small delicate face—that she seemed to belong to an entirely different race.

"Are you my uncle Robert?" she repeated, coming a step or two into the shop.

"No, I'm not, baby; I wish I were," answered the cheery young fellow, recovering from his surprise; for he dearly loved children, and this child touched some chord in his heart that had never been touched before.

"My name's not 'Baby;' it's Eva," said the child, shaking the hair back from her face, and regarding him with serious look. "And mamma's name is Eva too." And then, with a little sigh: "I fought perhaps you was him."

"What made you think so, baby—I mean Eva?" asked the young man, with a pleasant smile, tossing his plane aside, and sitting down on a huge block of wood that stood near.

"You look like him"—speaking with quaint preciseness. "He went away when I was a very little girl—I'm 'most five now—but I 'member him. He had a face like you, a nice laughing face; but"—glancing at the shirt sleeves—"he wore a coat, and he used to give me candies for kisses—two candies for one kiss; and mamma cries because he does not come back and take us away with him."

The dinner bell rang loud and long in the cottage adjoining. The young carpenter mechanically rose to his feet, and then deliberately sat down again, as he said, with a tender look in his honest brown eyes, "I'm sorry mamma cries."

"Yes, she cries"—in a lowered voice, and, completely won by the kind look, coming to his side, and putting her mite of a hand confidingly in his—"because papa has gone up there" (pointing to the sky). "I don't 'member him; 'twas long, long, *long* ago; and Uncle Robert don't come back; and she's a beggar!"—this last remark evidently quoted, with a dramatic little gesture.

Again the dinner bell rang violently.

"Will you tell me where you live, Eva?" asked Dick, paying no attention to the summons; but before the child could reply, a stout, buxom, black-eyed girl flew into the shop from the rear door, and a slight, graceful, fair-haired woman came in at the other.

"Dick, why on earth don't you come to dinner?" almost yelled the buxom girl; and, "Eva, my darling, what are you doing here?" cried the pretty woman.

"I fought he was my uncle Robert," said the child, smiling at the young workman as she dropped his hand and went toward her mother.

"*He?*" exclaimed the pretty woman, scarcely glancing at him. "Why, he"—with a light laugh, and a slight inflection of scorn, or something very like it, in her voice—"he's a *carpenter*." And catching the child in her arms, she disappeared as suddenly as she had arrived.

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" said Dick's brown-faced, red-cheeked sister, with not an inflection, but a whole volume of scorn in her voice. "A carpenter, indeed! And what is *she?*"

"What *is* she?" repeated Dick.

"Oh, come along to dinner, Dick, and don't bother. *I'm* hungry, if you ain't"—giving him a by no means gentle pull.

"Stop a moment, Lib"—jerking away from her—"that's a good girl, and tell me all about it."

"All about *it?* Pshaw! you men are all alike. All about *her*, you mean. Do you think she's pretty?"

"Well, all about *her*, then," said Dick, utterly ignoring the question.

"Mother'll be hopping mad, and the victuals'll be stone-cold, but I s'pose I'd better hurry and tell you what I know at once, or you'll be pestering the life out of me till I do. She's a widow—'Mrs. Leonard Deming, M.D.,' that is, Mr. Leonard Deming was 'M.D.;' and she came here two days ago to live in the brick cottage round the corner, with her aunt, old Mrs. Paulding, who is always talking of 'better days,' and boasting that there never has been a mechanic in *her* family. And yet she's as poor as a church mouse, and no one knows how she manages to live."

"Go on, Lib"—as she stops to take breath.

"There goes the bell again!"—turning toward the door.

"You shall not stir a step until you finish your story," says Dick, detaining her with firm but gentle force.

"Oh, Richard Foster, what a tease you are! and only yesterday you was calling me a gossip, and saying how women's tongues did run on, and—oh!" (with a shrill scream), "what a pinch, you tormenting thing! Well, her husband was a doctor, and went off to some place or other when they'd been married a year or so, and caught the yellow fever, and died, and left her nothing but his 'M.D.' And she's as poor as old lady Paulding, and just as proud; and, oh, Dick, the funniest thing—she's filled one of her aunt's front windows with wax flowers for sale, just as though any one in this place would buy wax flowers! Come along."

"Lib, I think wax flowers are beautiful"—he had never thought of them in his life before, and in fact knew nothing about them—"and I wish you'd set the other folks a good example, and buy a lot of them from—Mrs. Deming, for our parlor mantel;" and he thrust a bill into her hand.

"Dick Foster, are you crazy? Wax flowers, and mother wanting a new cook-stove this minute!—the old one's falling into pieces—and I haven't—"

"A stitch to your back," says Dick, smiling. "You never have. But buy the flowers, Lib dear, and mother shall have a new stove and you a new dress before the week's out. I'll work nights."

"But, Dick—"

But Dick had rushed away at a fourth and most furious ringing of the bell, and she was fain to follow without another word.

Day after day Dick Foster set his shop door wide open, and replenished the pretty bonbon box that was hidden away behind some tools on a shelf in the corner, in hopes that he might some day again raise his head from his work and see the fair-haired child standing before him. But day after day went by, and June merged into July, and she came no more.

The wax flowers had been bought a few days after Dick had so suddenly discovered how much he admired them, and wonderful imitations of nature they proved to be, but, alas, wanting nature's wonderful fragrance; and they stood between the china dog and cat that Dick remembered from his earliest boyhood, on the high old-fashioned wooden mantel in the low-ceilinged sunny parlor.

Lib had come back from purchasing them with a quick step and a snap in her black eyes, and had immediately—as Dick knew she would the moment he caught sight of her—rushed into the shop to—as she was wont to express it—"free her mind."

"There, I hope you're satisfied," she began, with a toss of her head, putting the vase of lilies and roses into his hand; "but *I* think you'd better saved your money. Not but what they're pretty enough, and I don't see how she makes 'em; *I* couldn't. But of all the stuck-up things *I* ever saw, she's the worst. 'Your little girl thinks your brother looks like my brother,' says I, trying to make myself agreeable; 'does he?' 'I'm sure I don't know; I didn't look at him. *My* brother is a very handsome man, and an artist. We were a family of artists, although *my* share of talent took a very lowly form,' says she, handing me the vase—she called it 'varse.' 'Good-afternoon.'"

To all of which Dick replied not a word, but turned away and sawed like mad, which so offended Miss Elizabeth Foster that she never referred to the pretty widow again until the afternoon of the 3d of July, when, with a gleam of mischief in her face, she burst out at the supper table: "Oh, Dick, I've a message for you. I met 'Miss Eva,' as the little servant-girl calls her. They say that girl serves Mrs. Deming for love; wish I could get people to serve *me* for that. 'Please tell the—the shavings man,' said Miss Eva, 'that I wanted to come again, but mamma won't let me.' And, oh, Dick, if they haven't put fire-works for sale in the other parlor window! Wax flowers and fire-works! Ain't it funny?"

But judging from Dick's clouded brow and closely set lips, Dick thought it any thing but funny; and Lib, wisely dropping the subject, devoted herself to mother's soft gingerbread with undivided attention.

And the cloud still lingered on the young carpenter's brow as he, pail in hand, just after supper, bent his steps toward the old well that stood a few feet beyond the brick cottage. He had developed an extraordinary fondness for the water of this well; it seemed as though nothing else could quench his thirst, albeit until a few weeks ago he had been perfectly satisfied with the cold-as-ice, clear-as-crystal water drawn from the well in his mother's garden.

As he drew near the isolated cottage he saw the fire-works in the window, and his heart came up in his throat. "So poor, so proud, so lovely," he thought. "I'll buy them all to-morrow." And at this moment the pretty woman stepped out on the old-fashioned porch, and Dick turned and fled.

But a few hours after Dick was again seized with a terrible thirst—a thirst that he was firmly convinced could only be assuaged by a draught from the brick cottage well, and again, pail in hand, he set out, *this* time to reach the place of destination and begin slowly to return. It was ten o'clock. In the cottage all was silence and darkness. Dick paused as he reached it, and leaned against the maple in front of the door and gazed at the shutterless windows, where the wax flowers and fire-works entreated, "Come buy me." And as he gazed, smash went a pane of glass, and a blue-light shot past him and fell with a prolonged hiss upon the ground. Then in quick succession came another and another. Then fizz! bang! pop! pop! fizz! bang! and the pyrotechnic articles were shooting about in every direction, and the white muslin curtains were in flames.

In a moment the strong young fellow had burst open the door, thrown the pail of water upon the crackling fire-works, torn down the blazing curtains, and stamped out the fire. And in another moment some one in a long white robe, her golden hair silvered by the moonlight, came flying out of the room just beyond, and flinging her arms about him, cried: "Oh! dear brother Robert, you have come back at last. But—but"—looking about her in a bewildered manner—"what has happened?"

"I'm not brother Robert," said Dick; but he didn't loosen the clinging arms, as it behooved him to do, when he made the declaration. "I'm—the—the shavings man, and your window has been on fire. Fortunately, I was passing—" But he got no further, for the white-robed figure uttered a little shriek, and fled with precipitancy as old Mrs. Paulding entered the room from the other door, her best bonnet perched on her head, and her night-cap dangling by its strings around her neck, a silver tea-pot in one hand, and her favorite cat, grasped by the throat, in the other, on a queer little run, totally unlike her usual dignified tread.

To her did Dick explain the cause of the wet carpet and the smoke-begrimed walls, and amid her profuse thanks for his timely help, was taking his leave, when Mrs. Deming, lamp in hand, again made her appearance—*this* time in suitable evening dress.

"Oh, aunt, what an escape!" she began, setting the lamp on the table; "and to think I never awoke until the very last, I was so tired; and Eva has slept through it all. We might have been burned in our beds." And then, turning to Dick, she said, her sweet voice trembling in spite of her great effort to maintain her composure, "I beg your pardon for the absurd mistake I made; but I was so bewildered, and only half awake, and I'd been dreaming of my brother, whom you"—looking him full in the face—"resemble very much." And breaking off suddenly, her voice trembling still more, "How can we ever thank you, Mr.—"

"Dick Foster, the carpenter," said Dick, with as much dignity as though he had said "doctor" or "artist."

"—Mr. Foster," her lips quivering and her fair cheeks flushing red, and she held out to him her dainty hand.

Dick flushed as rosy red as she, but made no movement toward her. His right hand hanging listlessly at his side, his hat held in his left, he stood in silence as though uncertain what to do.

"Do you refuse to shake hands with me?" she asked, a look of pained surprise flitting across her lovely face.

"Why, God bless us! he can't," screamed the old lady; "his poor hand is dreadfully burned." And she hastened away in search of old linen and sweet-oil.

And it was—his working hand—terribly burned; but when Dick went home that night he scarcely felt the pain for the memory of two violet eyes shining through tears, and a sweet voice saying, "Oh, I'm so very, *very* sorry—so very, *very* sorry!"

The next morning Mrs. Foster had just cleared away the breakfast things, and gone into the sitting-room, where Dick sat, installed in the only easy-chair the house possessed, his right hand enveloped in bandages, a book in his left, and the vase of wax flowers on the table before him, when there came a gentle knock at the street door. The good mother, opening it, beheld a pretty blue-eyed woman, holding a pretty blue-eyed little girl, standing upon the threshold.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Deming," said the old lady, bridling, and fluttering her cap ribbons. "Good-morning, ma'am."

"Your son," said the young widow, with a hesitation strangely foreign to her—"is he better? Has he suffered much through the night?"

"His sufferings can be of no consequence to *you*, ma'am," returned the old lady, sharply, in spite of a warning "Mother!" from the room she had just left. "He's only a *mechanic*, ma'am."

"He's a noble fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Deming, seizing the wrinkled, toil-roughened hand that was raised as though to wave her away; "and, oh! please don't be cross to me. I haven't slept all night thinking of him."

Mrs. Foster's face began to relax, and the stern look completely faded away when little Eva, looking up with pure, beautiful, beseeching eyes, entreated, "Don't be cross to poor mamma."

"Well, I suppose the fire warn't your fault," she said; "though how them fire-works exploded passes my comprehension. There must have been some powerful carelessness somewhere; and it's my opinion that folks that doesn't understand things should let 'em alone; and his hand's very bad indeed; and he won't be able to work for a month, just as he had the most industrious fit I ever know'd him to have—though a lazy boy he never was—and was earning lots of money. And his hand 'll have to be dressed night and morning, and take about an hour each time—"

"Oh, then *I* can be of use!" cried the pretty widow, a bright smile breaking over her face. "I am a capital nurse. Let me come every day and dress the wounded hand. *Your* time, I know, is precious; and it is the least I can do, for it was in my service—I mean my aunt's—that it was wounded."

"Well, that's clever, and I'm obleeged to you; but me and Lib—"

"Mother!" from the parlor.

"Well, Richard?"

"I shall be only too glad to accept Mrs. Deming's kind offer;" and Mrs. Deming went in.

Three weeks had gone by, and the hand was nearly well. "I never saw any thing heal so

quickly," soliloquized Dick, one pleasant, fragrant morning, in a tone that implied that he wished it wouldn't. "She can't come here but a day or two longer, God bless her!—I don't really need her now, though I pretend I do—and then I'll be nothing to her but Dick the carpenter again."

"Dick," chirped a bird-like voice, "mamma's got a letter from Uncle Robert. I run in to tell you," and little Eva danced into the room.

"Great heavens!" thought Dick, turning pale, "he's coming to take her away;" and a moment after Mrs. Deming came in with the letter in her hand.

"Are you worse this morning?" she asked, anxiously, looking at the young fellow's pale face.

"Yes, much worse," he answered, dryly. "Eva tells me you have a letter from your brother."

"I have—at last. And he's in Paris, and does not expect to return to this country for many years. He has married a beautiful French girl, and, I fear, has almost forgotten me."

"Your brother married and forgotten you?" burst in Lib, poking her head in at the door. "Well, that's nothing strange. Brothers will marry and forget sisters till the end of time;" and calling to Eva to come and see the newly hatched chickens, away she went again.

"And personally I resemble him, that is, I suppose, as much as a mechanic could resemble an artist," said Dick, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm; "but there the resemblance must end. *I* never could have forgotten you."

And then they are both silent for a few moments, Dick breaking the silence at last. "I am very sorry for your disappointment. You had hoped to leave this humdrum place, where there is no one you could care for."

"No one I could care for," she repeated, slowly. "I am not so sure of that; but I am sure of one thing, Richard, and that is that I do not need your sympathy. I have learned to love this pretty, quiet place—"

"You have?" shouted Dick. "Oh, if I were not a poor carpenter—if I were an artist, a physician, a lawyer, any thing professional—I'd ask you to try and learn to love *me*, and stay here forever."

"Try to learn to love you! Why, Dick, you dear, splendid, darling old goose, don't you know I've loved you ever since the night of the impromptu fire-works?"

"My blessed darling!" cried Dick, catching her in his arms and kissing her sweet lips.

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" said Lib, appearing at the door again. "*My* brother's going to be married too."

## WHERE THE BLACKBIRD SINGS.

Down the quiet country road, before you reach the lofty ridge
Where the birch-tree, first awakened to the morning's low breath, swings,
I ofttimes sit in silence on the small moss-covered bridge,
Near the little shady nook where the blackbird sings.

There the spreading trees meet o'er me, and I hear no harsh voice calling,
Whilst his sweetness to my fancy's dream a sacred feeling brings,
As it mingles with the rippling of the brook o'er pebbles falling
In the little shady nook where the blackbird sings.

There the ivy climbs the highest of the lofty trees beside me,
And the bluebell like a carpet in the early summer springs;
In the thorn I need but clamber, and the snowy bloom would hide me
In the little shady nook where the blackbird sings.

There the trout, his supper seeking, in the sunny beam is leaping,
And the pool is brought to life again in many glistening rings,
When the day seems growing fainter, and the shadows onward creeping,
In the little shady nook where the blackbird sings.

There the swallows dart like spirits underneath the narrow arches,
And the air a sweetened perfume like the almond round me flings,
And I dream of holy quiet as I watch the feathery larches
In the little shady nook where the blackbird sings.

Oh, if I could only tell you what unbroken heart-felt pleasure
Ever waits me in this spot, to which my thought so fondly clings,
You would follow me, nor wonder 'tis my only pleasant leisure,
By the little shady nook where the blackbird sings!

## ANTHONY WAYNE AND STONY POINT.

THE brief period of our American history furnishes few more interesting personages than "Mad ANTHONY WAYNE," the hero of Stony Point. For three years WASHINGTON and his little army of patriots had been at war with the British. On all sides the redcoats were upon them. The spring daisies bloomed in May, 1779, and British vessels sailed into Hampton Roads, and the troops they carried plundered the people on both sides the river from Hampton to Norfolk. The same ships went up the Hudson at the close of the month, and captured Stony Point. Summer came, and these redoubtable vessels carried Governor TRYON and more than two thousand soldiers to the shores of Connecticut, where they plundered New Haven, and burned the villages of East Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk. Then TRYON swore that he was much to be commended because he did not burn every house on the New England coast.

Despair settled on the inhabitants of all the country round, and the commander-in-chief was denounced for remaining at his head-quarters on the Hudson while the people saw their farms ravaged and their homes laid in ashes. Finally, WASHINGTON said that Stony Point must be recaptured. It was a rocky promontory advancing far out into the Hudson, which washed three sides of it. A deep morass, covered at high tide, separated it from the main-land, but at low tide it might be traversed by a narrow causeway and a bridge. The promontory was crowned by strong works, furnished with heavy ordnance, commanding the morass and causeway. Lower down were two rows of abatis, and the shore could be swept by vessels of war anchored in the river. The garrison was about 600 strong, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel JOHNSON. Who should storm Stony Point? The commander-in-chief turned to Mad ANTHONY WAYNE, and Mad ANTHONY WAYNE replied, "General, I'll storm hell, if you'll only plan it."

To attempt the surprise of this isolated post, fortified as it was, was certainly a dangerous enterprise. According to WASHINGTON'S plan, it was to be undertaken by light-infantry only, at night, and with the utmost secrecy. Between one and two hundred chosen men were to make the surprise, preceded by a prudent, determined van-guard, well commanded, to remove obstructions, secure sentries, and drive in the guards. The whole were to advance with fixed bayonets and unloaded muskets: all was to be done with the bayonet. These parties were to be followed by the main body at a small distance, to support and re-enforce them, or to bring them off in case of failure. All were to wear white cockades, or feathers, and to have a watch-word, to distinguish them from the enemy. "The usual time for exploits of this kind," observes WASHINGTON, "is a little before day, for which reason a vigilant officer is then more on the watch. I therefore recommend a midnight hour." On getting possession of Stony Point, WAYNE was to turn the guns upon Fort Lafayette and the shipping. A detachment was to march down from West Point by Peekskill to the vicinity of Fort Lafayette, and hold itself ready to join in the attack upon it as soon as the cannonade began from Stony Point.

On the 15th of July, about mid-day, WAYNE set out with his light-infantry from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles from Stony Point. The roads were rugged, across mountains, morasses, and narrow defiles in the skirts of the Dunderberg, where frequently it was necessary to proceed in single file. About eight in the evening they arrived within a mile and a half of the forts, without being discovered. Not a dog barked to give the alarm, for all the dogs in the neighborhood had been privately destroyed beforehand. Bringing the men to a halt, WAYNE and his staff went nearer, and carefully reconnoitred the works and their environs, so that they might proceed understandingly and without confusion. WAYNE had peremptorily ordered that every man should advance in silence, with unloaded musket and fixed bayonet. A soldier disobeyed his orders, and began to load his piece. The order was repeated, and he persisted in the resolution to load, on which an officer instantly ran him through the body with his sword. Absolute obedience was indispensable at so critical a moment, for had a single gun been fired, the victory might have been lost, or the slaughter been immense. The plan being adjusted, 150 volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel DE FLEURY, a French officer, formed the right column, and 100 volunteers under Major STEWARD composed the left column, each of which was preceded by a forlorn-hope of twenty picked men, commanded by Lieutenants GIBBON and KNOX, for the express purpose of removing the abatis and other obstructions.

Midnight, it will be remembered, was the time recommended by WASHINGTON for the attack. About half past eleven the whole moved forward, guided by a negro of the neighborhood, who had frequently carried in fruit to the garrison, and who served the Americans as a spy. He led the way, accompanied by two stout men disguised as farmers. The countersign was given to the first sentinel, posted on high ground to the west of the morass. While the negro talked to him, the men seized and gagged him. The sentinel posted at the head of the causeway was served in the same manner, so that so far no alarm was given. The causeway, however, was overflowed, and it was some time after twelve o'clock before the troops could cross. Three hundred men, under General MUHLENBERG, were left on the western side of the morass as a reserve. At the foot of the promontory the troops were divided into two columns for simultaneous attacks on the opposite sides of the works.

So well had the whole affair been conducted that the Americans were close upon the outworks before they were discovered. There was then severe skirmishing at the pickets. The Americans used their bayonets; the others discharged their muskets. The reports roused the garrison, and Stony Point was instantly in an uproar. The drums beat to arms; every one hurried to his alarm post; the works were hastily manned, and a tremendous fire of grape-shot and musketry opened upon the assailants. The two columns forced their way with the bayonet at opposite points, surmounting every obstacle. Lieutenant-Colonel DE FLEURY was the first to enter the fort and strike the British flag. Major POSEY sprang to the ramparts and shouted, "The fort is our own!" WAYNE, who commanded the right column, received at the inner abatis a contusion on the head from a musket-ball, and would have fallen to the ground, but his two aides-de-camp supported him. Thinking it was a death-wound, he said, "Carry me to the fort, and let me die at the head of my column." He was borne in, and soon recovered his self-possession. At daybreak, as WASHINGTON directed, the guns were turned on Fort Lafayette and the shipping. The vessels cut their cables and dropped down the river. Through a series of blunders the detachment from West Point, which was to have co-operated, did not arrive in time, and came unprovided with proper ammunition for their battering artillery. This part of the enterprise, therefore, failed. Fort Lafayette held out.

The Americans had fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded. The number of prisoners was 553. Lieutenant-Colonel JOHNSON, commander of the fort, and several other officers, were among the number. It is remarkable that out of the twenty men who formed the forlorn-hope under Lieutenant GIBBON, seventeen were killed or wounded. WASHINGTON, in his letter to Congress, spoke highly of the conduct of all the officers and men, but he named particular officers whose situation placed them foremost in danger, which rendered their conduct more conspicuous. Lieutenants GIBBON and KNOX, he observed, who commanded the advanced parties, or forlorn-hopes, acquitted themselves as well as it was possible. With respect to General WAYNE, he remarked that "his conduct throughout the whole of this arduous enterprise merits the warmest approbation of Congress; he improved on the plan recommended by me, and executed it in a manner that does signal honor to his judgment and to his bravery." He also informed Congress that two flags and two standards were taken, the former belonging to the garrison, the latter to the Seventeenth Regiment. Congress gave directions that a gold medal, emblematical of the action, be presented to General WAYNE, and silver ones to Lieutenant-Colonel DE FLEURY and Major STEWARD. Lieutenants GIBBON and KNOX were made captains by brevet, and the value of the military stores was directed to be divided among the soldiers in such a manner as the commander-in-chief saw fit.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WHERE are you going?" is the question asked by friends and acquaintances, even before the summer heat becomes oppressive, as if, of course, one must go somewhere away from home, if that home chances to be in the great city. The time has passed, however, when inexorable fashion demanded that every dwelling claiming to be "first class" must present the aspect of being closed during the midsummer season, and the family either be "out of town" or pretend to be so. There are so many resorts close at hand that hundreds now prefer frequent short excursions by day, and the freedom of home at night, to longer absences. Nevertheless, when time, money, and opportunity are not lacking, an entire change of life for a few weeks has numberless advantages; and scores of pleasant places rise before the mental vision as we re-echo the question, "Where shall we go?" There is the Catskill region, a wild, invigorating mountain land, within easy reach of New York; the Hudson Highlands, majestic in beauty, yet most delightfully restful; the New Jersey Highlands, with fresh mountain air and picturesque scenery; the central lakes of New York, including many noted water-falls in their vicinity; the Lehigh and Wyoming valleys, celebrated for alternating scenes of wild grandeur and peaceful beauty; the Highlands of the Delaware, with numberless glens, caves, lakes, and water-falls; Lake George, unfailingly charming; the picturesque Green Mountains and the wilder White Mountain region; the peaks and valleys of the Adirondacks. But why attempt even a mention of the attractive places, either those well known or those somewhat undeveloped, whither tired denizens of the city may flee? Time and space would fail; for all along the sea-coast are multitudinous resorts; Maine has scores of romantic spots; the North and the West beckon us thither. The choice lies with the traveller, provided he has time and money. And if he has not? Well, we *have* known those who found in studying up a pleasure trip, with maps, pictures, guide-books, etc., and in *planning* to go, a most enjoyable substitute for the real thing. The mental effect seemed much the same as if the actual journey had been taken. But unfortunately the invigoration of genuine change of air is lacking in this fancy journeying, which is available only for those of a peculiarly imaginative turn of mind.

Mount Etna continues restless. It has ceased to send forth streams of lava, it is true, but internal convulsions are manifest in shocks of earthquake in the vicinity, which have greatly alarmed the inhabitants of the towns and villages in the neighborhood of the volcano, and five villages are said to have been destroyed. Evidently the interior of the earth is in an unsettled state. Earthquakes are reported from several places in South America, and a short time ago Mount Hood, in Oregon, sent forth a black cloud of smoke which caused considerable excitement among beholders.

Gadshill Place, the much-loved home of Charles Dickens, is now offered for sale by his eldest son. Mr. Dickens was always making improvements in his residence. He practically rebuilt the house, and added much to the land originally pertaining to it. Only a few days before his death a conservatory, in which he had taken much interest, was completed, and he expressed great satisfaction in this improvement.

"Keep still," says an exchange; "the Fourth of July will be along presently, and if possible the small boy should not be informed of its approach until it is all over." Unfortunately there are no small boys in *this* vicinity so stupid as the above would indicate. They already make all the noise the law allows.

Free public libraries have been established in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, San José, Stockton, Los Angeles, and Petaluma, under the act of the Legislature of California. In San Francisco the Library Trustees have leased and fitted up a hall, purchased six thousand books, arranged for securing the leading publications in the United States, obtained the services of a good librarian, and thrown open the library to the public.

Science does not come naturally to every body, and popular lectures often fail to give definite ideas to the unscientific, as may be illustrated by a little incident related in the *Chemiker Zeitung:* A well-known chemist delivered a lecture on oxygen, and having exhibited the combustion of iron in this element, sent round some of the fragments of fused and oxidized iron for inspection. At the conclusion, as he was taking his departure, a lady of rank hastened after him, with the words, "Excuse me, professor, here is your piece of oxygen."

The ex-Empress Eugénie has not lacked sympathy in her deep and sudden bereavement. The sovereigns of England and Germany in particular have shown their sincere regret at the untimely death of the young Prince, and the courts of both countries have gone into mourning for him. The private character of young Louis had won him many friends. He had received a fine education at the military school at Woolwich, and quite independently from any imperial ambitions, he was a young man of much promise. To be butchered by savages at the age of twenty-three is a sad fate. It has been rumored that the Imperialists will rally around Prince Victor, the eldest son of Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte; but conflicting reports are circulated at the present time concerning the movements of what remains of the Imperial party. The body of the Prince Imperial will arrive in London about July 28.

A new comet, bright and sparkling, was recently discovered by Professor Swift in the constellation Perseus.

The Library of Congress has grown so large that it has been found necessary to increase the number of assistants from eighteen to twenty-one.

The decision and sentence in what is known as the "Duer case" in Maryland have caused much discussion and criticism. The details of this singular case have been widely published, and the trial was simply to give the jury the evidence upon which to decide whether Miss Lilian Duer shot her friend intentionally or unintentionally. After a lengthy investigation, the jury gave a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter," and the offender was fined $500—a strange ending to a strange case.

A subject of much interest which was discussed in the Duer trial related to the use and effects of chloral. It appeared that the lady who was wounded by Miss Duer took frequent and large doses of chloral from the time of the shooting until her death, and consequently the query arose whether it was really the pistol-bullet or the chloral which caused her death.

The solution of the mystery surrounding the murder of Mrs. Hull—the details of which have been read with horror in every part of the country—is a relief to citizens. Every addition to that list of mysterious crimes of which the perpetrators have never been discovered gives the community an uncomfortable sense of insecurity. There are on our city records a few murder cases which most likely will always remain "mysteries;" but they are few. With all their care and cunning, murderers generally fail to cover some loophole, through which eventually their crime comes to light. Is there not a lesson in the history of this recent dreadful crime, and the investigations following it—a lesson for all? Suspicion of crime should not lightly be thrown upon any person; and circulating foul suspicions, either privately or publicly, is most culpable slander.

The Fourth of July is to be celebrated at San José, California, by a "Grand Tournament" on the Fair Grounds. The programme indicates an entertainment of much interest; and as the proceeds are for the benefit of the Library Association, a large attendance is desired and expected.

There is a State law which makes the infraction of any city ordinance a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment. And there is a decisive ordinance which reads as follows:

"No person shall fire, discharge, or set off in the city of New York any rocket, cracker, torpedo, squib, balloon, or other fire-work or thing which contains any substance in or prepared for a state of combustion, under the penalty of five dollars for each offense."

As this ordinance has been proved to be a necessary safeguard to life, limb, and property, there is no good reason to suspend it on any day in the year, and it is therefore to be hoped that we may have a safe and comfortable Fourth of July, with no impending fear of a terrible conflagration. There is no reason, however, why every body should not have a good time, and be as patriotic as they please. There should be plenty of entertainment provided for young folks and for old on the Fourth; but we are too enlightened a nation to confound discordant noise and patriotism. Noise, in itself, is a relic of barbarism.

At the recent dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in Boston, President Eliot, of Harvard College, in an amusing speech, called the attention of the doctors to a peculiar disease existing among the students of Harvard. Twenty-one per cent. of the Senior Class were so affected with diseases in the throat and lungs that it was impossible for them to go to prayers—so the doctors of the Massachusetts Medical Society had certified. Among the curious facts in connection with this disease was that it had increased from ten per cent. in the Freshman Class to twenty-one per cent. in the Senior Class, which showed how unhealthy the college course must be in this respect. It was a disease which existed only a few moments in each day. It did not prevent the students from going to breakfast even when the prayer-bell was ringing, nor from going to the theatre almost every night in the week. Some of them were the most athletic men in college, and sang in the glee club while thus affected. These diseases were all certified to by members of the Massachusetts Medical Society; the college took no other certificates. "I don't know," said the president, seriously, "any greater harm a physician can do a young man between eighteen and twenty-one than to give him a false excuse for avoiding a duty."

Some women have curious ways of hiding their money. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "Mrs. Hansen put fifty dollars in the oven of her stove one night to keep it safe. Next morning, after breakfast, the national debt had been diminished exactly that much. A student of the curious would find it interesting to note the places in which women hide their money. One excellent and frugal dame used to tuck her little savings away under a corner of her carpet. The tiny roll of greenbacks grew fatter and fatter in the course of a year or two, when, the day after it counted $250, the house took fire, burned to the ground, and again the national debt was diminished by a little roll of woman's pin-money. There was that other careful lady, too, who used sometimes to hide her diamond rings between two tea-cups in the kitchen cupboard, sometimes behind a certain brick in the cellar, and again under the lining of an old hat. She had divers other places of safety for her jewelry also, the only trouble being that she had so many hiding-places she occasionally forgot where she last put her precious things, and about every three months would fancy she had been robbed, and the house would be turned inside out, and all therein be made uncomfortable until the missing gem would be found carefully tucked away in the folds of the bottom towel of the pile in the left-hand corner of the lower drawer in the clothes-press at the east end of the dining-room."

FOURTH OF JULY MORNING—THE FIRST SHOT.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

A LOVE AFFAIR IN THE OLDEN TIME—CONSULTING THE WISE WOMAN.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

## PET AND PEST.

"CLORINDA, go away. Please go away. A small request I make, and the only one I ever make of *you*. Small, I mean, as a favor for you to grant; immense, I confess, as a favor for me to receive. Keep yourself absent. Why can you not? 'Tis all I ask."

"You don't love me, then, Mr. Deering?" said Clorinda, a rosy, roguish school-girl, redolent of the combined charms of infancy and womanhood, dashed with a decided blemish of saucy scorn. She stood in the doorway of a prettily furnished library, at whose centre table, strewn with pamphlets and papers, Frank Deering, a young man just graduated from college, was busily writing. "You don't love me, then, Mr. Deering? Oh, I thought you did."

"You complimented me too highly, Miss Bell. You thought I was a good man, and loved my enemies? Well, I do—at a distance. Or at least I have sufficient virtue to *bless*—the distance. There! you have scattered all my papers."

A gust of wind had come from the open garden door, through the hall, and swept past Clorinda into the library, strewing the carpet with manuscript sheets.

"And all your ideas? What a pity! I don't see them, or I would help you pick them up. What a shame, now, that Rosina is not here to gather: they are just what she wants—ideas."

"Clorinda Bell!" said Frank Deering, with a threatening gesture not altogether playful. "If I were only your brother!" He hastily placed a paper-weight upon a fluttering pile of manuscript, and proceeded to collect the papers strewn on the floor.

"Which you are not, and I don't think ever will be, although I know you have that benevolent intention. By-the-way, Mr. Deering, how do cherries taste when they're eaten *in half*, in a honeysuckle arbor, out of a Satsuma platter held upon a young lady's silk apron?"

Frank Deering, coloring slightly, but not deigning to reply, seated himself deliberately at the table again, and resumed his writing.

"Never mind. I only asked 'for information.' I am going. But first let me see the name of your play. I'll shut the door while I look." He had made a slight gesture of impatience, as another stream of air from the garden ruffled the corners of the weight-held pages. She closed the door, without waiting for a reply, and going to the table, leaned over his shoulder.

Frank Deering was spending the month of July at the parsonage, and was writing a play to be enacted at the town-hall, by amateurs, for the benefit of the evening-school mission. He had three days remaining for his task, and only three acts complete of a five-act tragedy.

"Let me see the name," said Clorinda, leaning over his shoulder to scan the page across whose caption his hand lay like marble. The next moment she cried, exultingly, as she seized a paper from a rejected pile, "Ah! I see—*The Fatal Key*. Original, certainly. *Rather* suggestive," said the teasing voice, "of Blue-beard's closet; but, on second thought, uncommonly clever. Who holds it? The woman, or the man?"

"The man, of course. But now leave me, my child. Go away," said Frank Deering, changing his tone, in sheer desperation, from the tone of undisguised annoyance to one of soothing. "You are getting yourself entangled in my fourth act, and you will be sorry. If it were a comedy, now, you might take a character. You'd be a first-rate little 'pretty chamber-maid,' or a village girl, jealous of her lover, disguised as a page. But you could not, you know, be in a tragedy."

"Why not? I wouldn't mind, if it were a real nice jolly tragedy, as I have no doubt this is. With plenty of dying and fainting. I'd rather like it, I think. Yes, it would be some fun. Have me in it, Mr. Deering—*do*. Come, now, there's a bargain: I will not tease you for a month, if you'll put me in your tragedy. I'll die, I promise you, vastly better than Rosina will. And as to fainting, I understand it perfectly; we younger girls have practiced it at school recess. I can fall down like a stone without hurting myself at all. It's very easy: you just incline down your left knee gently, and slip your right foot under your left foot, hold your left hand against your breast, and drop your right arm and let yourself go, and there you are!" And illustrating the simple directions on the spot, Clorinda fainted.

Frank Deering gave a slight start of surprise, and then became immovable. He was disgusted, and thoroughly vexed.

"'I'm dying, Egypt, dying,'" moaned Clorinda, in sepulchral tones. Frank Deering felt strongly tempted to apply as restorative a dose of good cold water to the mimic swoon on the incorrigible face, but he controlled himself; he did not speak or stir.

At this moment the door opened, and a brisk little old gentleman in a flowered study-gown, and shuffling slippers, and spectacles pushed above his nose, and carrying a huge folio, entered.

He started back in dismay at sight of the prostrate figure, and the folio dropped from his trembling hands. "Clorinda my pet!" he gasped, in concern and alarm. "My precious child, are you hurt?"

"Oh no, indeed, papa," cried Clorinda, springing up with the alacrity of a bird, patting the old gentleman re-assuringly on the shoulder, picking up the dropped folio in a twinkling, and restoring it to its exact place on the book-shelf—"oh no, papa; I'm only in the fourth act of a tragedy—dear Mr. Deering's delightful original tragedy, *The Fatal Key*. It locks, but can not unlock: the heroine dies from the relentless bolt. I was about to die as you came in and interrupted me, papa. But never mind; I can put it off till some other time. And Mr. Deering wants you to help him in the concoction of his fifth act, dear papa."

"May I—consult you—about—our play, Dr. Bell?" stammered Deering, quite embarrassed in being forced to ask assistance, which he had not cherished the remotest intention to seek, but recovering himself with good grace, and rising to draw near a chair for the learned and abstruse old gentleman, of whom he was immensely fond. And meantime Clorinda escaped.

Late that afternoon, when the declining sun sent long slants of summer light through the garden walks, two couples, apparently in deep consultation, were sauntering slowly through paths divided from each other by thick shrubberies and full-blown flower beds, so that the eager conversations were held in strict seclusion.

In one of these couples the conspicuous figure was Clorinda; she had her arm around her favorite companion, and was evidently pleading with her strenuously against a decided opposition.

"But, Mollie dear, *just this once*; 'twill be such fun! Mr. Deering said I would make a capital little house-maid, and it just happens, and seems like fate, you know, that Miss Mopers wants one. Oh, what fun! And we have never been into trouble for any of our jokes—very near it, I know, but not real trouble. Come, now, Mollie, just this once."

"I would, Cloe, if mamma had not expressly forbidden. She says these practical jokes must always be played judiciously, and among our intimate friends. Now Miss Mopers is not our intimate friend."

"No, I hope not," said Clorinda, with a laugh so genuine, so uncontrollably careless and full of fun, no one could have given it who had known any thing of life beyond its childish relish and freshest sense of innocent sport. "No, that ancient creature of vanity and vexation of spirit is not our intimate friend. Mollie, your mother did not object to this particular bit of enjoyment, did she?"

"Well, no," replied Mollie, rather diffidently—Clorinda's arguments always had a staggering effect—"for she does not know of this. But"—she rallied quickly—"the principle is the same. If I asked her, she would say, 'No;' and if I did it without asking her, it would be deceiving her; that's all."

"I would not have you deceive her," said Clorinda, with earnestness and warmth, "for the world. I would not *let* you go under such circumstances. Oh no, dear Mollie! If I had a mother, I would tell her every thing—*every thing*. If my own dear, beautiful mamma had lived—you can't think how often I look at her picture, and wish I could call her back, I need her so much!—she would have been my friend first and dearest always. Papa says I look like her; that is one reason, I think, that he is so fond; but I do not see the likeness. To me she looks like an angel—an angel! And I wish for her every day of my life. For I can't confide in Griselda, or go to her for the slightest sympathy. She is completely wrapped up in her correspondence and her books. She is actually preparing poems for the press; and she is always quoting Bacon and Dryden and Darwin and Pope, and the rest of those old pokes. And as for Rosina, she is wrapped in romance; always *in love*—a thing I detest. Of course I can not consult her; she is not compos mentis, according to *my* idea of compos-mentisism, and no one is who is in love. No, Mollie; you are my darling friend, and, next to papa, my truly, only, best friend. And I would not have you do wrong for the world. But—but I shall just go to Miss Mopers's myself, all alone. I can't give it up, now it is all planned, and my costume ready, and too good a joke to lose."

And here the two girls turned the corner of the oleander path that led by a circuitous route past the conservatory to the favorite afternoon piazza of the pleasant old-fashioned house. And their talk changed to other topics—multitudinous topics that were to these enthusiastic school-girls ever vital and fresh.

Meanwhile the other couple, speaking softly to each other, went slowly down the garden path.

"Don't talk to me of love to-day, dearest Frank," murmured Rosina, with one of her blandishing little confiding movements of the dimpled hand upon his arm, and of her daintily feminine head so near his broad manly shoulder—"don't talk to me of love to-day. I am thinking sorrowfully of poor dear papa. His heart will be broken, I fear—broken by his idol, Clorinda Bell. She is a sad, willful, naughty girl, and she grows worse every day. Papa calls her his 'pet,' for his eyes are blinded; but all our neighbors call her 'pest,' and their eyes are open. They know what a pitiless tease she is, and how she goes about devising mischief."

"And yet," said Frank Deering, in a comforting manner, "she has goodness of heart, judging from her kind acts to poor people, and her devotion to her father. And I do not know a girl more vividly and accurately intelligent than Clorinda. She is certainly more than ordinarily beautiful: her face and form are so noble"—he was going to add, "and dignified," but a recollection of the morning prevented that adjective. "And age may improve her. Let us hope for the best. And now, Rosina—dearest, darling Rosina—"

And here they turned the corner of the walk that led from the stately paths of the western garden, across a rustic stile into a wild-wood copse, and thence to a narrow river at whose banks boats were moored.

One of these boats, named sympathetically *Lingerer*, Frank Deering was sure to take with his beloved; and once embarked upon the silver current of the placid stream, too tranquil for mill-wheels, too shallow for steamboats, rowing and floating between the flowery banks in curves overhung by tangled vines, and shadowed by weeping-willows, they were certain not to be at home again till late tea and early moonrise.

On the afternoon of the rehearsal of *The Fatal Key*, Miss Mopers was sitting in her shaded parlor, knitting a pair of baby socks, her favorite occupation, and, so far as the "little ones" were concerned, her only approach to providing for their comfortable transit across this thorny world.

Her sister Abby, by virtue of seniority Miss Mopers proper—if the term proper could be applied exclusively to either of these eminently proper old ladies—was sitting in the same shaded parlor, engaged in the same favorite occupation, with but this difference, that the articles woven under the darting needles of Miss Jane were foreign-missionary socks, knit of wiry blue yarn, while those employing Miss Abby's tremulous fingers were home offerings for her own dear little rosy-footed nephew, and were cream and azure of the softest zephyr.

"For peace' sake, sister Jane," Miss Abby was saying, in answer to some remark of her sister exemplifying the peculiarity of that piquant little lady—incessant fault-finding—a peculiarity that had made her known far and near as the formidable Miss Mopers, while her elder, Abby, a gentle, timid creature, was never seen beyond the limits of her own garden gate. If any thing went wrong in the neighborhood, Miss Mopers's sharp eyes saw, Miss Mopers's sharp nose scented, and Miss Mopers's sharp tongue attacked. "Small animals," it is said, "are audacious." But one could hardly believe that such a whiff of a woman could raise such a whirlwind as Miss Mopers had been more than once known to raise in the community of which she was a member.

"For peace' sake, sister Jane," Miss Abby was saying.

"Not at all. It is a crying evil, and it becomes my duty to expose and expugn—" And here Miss Jane was interrupted by the dismissed house-maid, who had been all day packing her trunk for departure.

"The new girl, mum. Come after the place, mum."

"Show her in," said Miss Jane. "And, Abby," she added, turning peremptorily to her sister, "have no relentings, I beg of you, toward *this* applicant. Let me engage her."

The applicant for the place of general house-maid in the establishment of Miss Mopers entered.

"Take a chair," said Miss Abby.

"Stand where you are," said Miss Jane, "so that I may see you distinctly."

The girl stood where she was—a strongly built creature, rather inclining to luxurious contour of figure, but with that grace discreetly disguised by an ill-fitting starched calico gown; and with a face which would certainly have owned the fatal gift of beauty but for a marring scar across the forehead, a crooked posture of the mouth, and a complexion extremely tawny.

"You want a place, do you?" asked Miss Jane, sharply. "Well, what can you do?"

"Every thing, marm. Every thing as is expected of a girl of gineral character: scrub bake sweep wash dishes do up linen make pie and cake clean windows wait on table do plain sewing atween times, run on irrands kill chickens scour silver polish mahogany."

"Can you *boil potatoes?*" asked Miss Jane, witheringly.

"That I can, marm, in a jiffy, out of a jacket or in a jacket; b'iling praters is my rousin' ambition nixt to not having an iatum of dust on the tops of door-sills, or the slats of chairs, or the corners of carpets."

Miss Jane's expression of countenance, cynical at first, was gradually relaxing. "I *may* have found a treasure," was the comment of her soul. Immediately, however, she clouded again, as she asked, with her rasping voice, "What company do you keep?"

"No company in the world, marm, and on no terms whatsomever. I never had a feller in my life, and I wouldn't have a feller if I could. I'm just set on my work day in and day out, and not another thought in my head; and as to victuals, I don't care for victuals so long as I has my purridge what I was brought up on, and my mush and my molassis."

Miss Abby winced slightly at this last stroke of perfection, for "mush and molasses," Miss Jane's favorite idea of a working diet, had been notoriously a vexed question between that lady and her house-maids. But Miss Jane fairly beamed upon the girl. "At last, I believe, I have found a treasure," she thought, with a gushing sensation long unknown to her stony breast.

"Where was your last place?" she asked.

"With Mrs. Bogus, in Notown," answered the girl, glibly, pronouncing the name of the adjacent township with a pronunciation that might pass as provincial. "Mrs. Bogus brought me up and trained me up, and I have her ricommind in my pocket."

"Give the recommendation to my sister," said Miss Jane. "She has her glasses on." "Mrs. Bogus," she thought, "is probably an ornament to her sex, an exception to the unhappy rule—a disciplinarian, in fact. Nothing but work, and plenty of that—variety in unity—my own idea of domestic training. No company! Simple, inexpensive nutriment! I know Mrs. Bogus."

The new girl had crossed the room to show her recommendation to Miss Abby, who, instead of immediately looking at that, stared with a sort of pitying interest at the stolid young face.

As she crossed the room, something white, disturbed by the act of removing the folded paper, dropped from the pocket of this model maid of a general character, and Miss Jane arose stealthily and lifted it from the floor.

It was a cambric handkerchief of most delicate texture. She took it to the window to examine. It had a border of lace, and in one corner, embroidered with forget-me-nots, the romantic trisyllable "Clorinda."

Miss Jane stood for a minute perfectly still, as if petrified. Then her eyes flashed, and she left the room precipitately. Full five minutes elapsed before she returned. Meanwhile gentle Miss Abby questioned the girl softly as to what church she attended, and whether she could read and write.

"Sister Abby," said Miss Jane, when she returned, with an air of suppressed intensity that was electrical, "this girl, to whom I perceive you have been speaking so leniently, is an impostor. Let us hope that she is not a thief. But circumstantial evidence is against her. I have found in her possession—oh, nothing escapes me!—an embroidered handkerchief marked with the name of the daughter of one of our most esteemed and widely known citizens, Professor Bell." She produced then the handkerchief, holding it by its corners squarely like a placard.

"That is mine," said the girl, with a sudden impulse to seize it, and quite losing as she spoke the crooked twist of her mouth.

"Do not utter a word," said Miss Jane, reclasping the delicate bit of cambric in her hard hands tightly as with hooks of steel—"do not utter a word, young person. Sister Abby, I have summoned Dennis; he was just harnessing up Pete for me to drive down to Main Street. He will be here in a moment."

"Give me my handkerchief," said the girl.

"It is *mine* for the present," Miss Jane answered, loftily. "Dennis," addressing a man advancing at the doorway, "put this young woman into the wagon, and drive her down to Judge Wilton's. I do not think court is sitting to-day, but the judge has authority, and he can detain her as prisoner until it does sit. Say to him that Miss Mopers will follow with the accusing testimony.—Young woman, this handkerchief is evidence, and I am witness that it fell from your pocket."

The girl seemed frightened for an instant; then she turned and looked at Dennis. He was a good-natured-looking Irishman, rather stupid in expression, but with a pair of twinkling eyes that were perhaps re-assuring, for the impostor said, with some dignity:

"I'll go with Dennis, marm. If the judge has an eye for innocence, he'll relase me. I'm not used to being called hard names, Miss Mopers, and I'll inter a complaint myself, so I will."

She went with Dennis. Both the Misses Mopers stood at the window watching her climb into the wagon. Miss Jane's last words to Dennis were: "Be sure to mind my instructions just as I gave them to you at first. You understand, Dennis?"

They drove off quickly; but no sooner had they turned from the lane out of sight than the girl said, with a beautiful, rich, persuasive voice: "Don't drive so fast, please, Dennis. I want to speak to you."

"Spake on, miss, in welcome," the man replied, slacking speed slightly, and glancing with one twinkling eye over his shoulder at the occupant of the back seat—"spake away, while the baste goes aisy for ye."

"The truth is, Dennis," explained the rich voice, eagerly, "I am not a house-maid. It is all a joke about going to engage a place with Miss Mopers. I am myself Miss Clorinda Bell. Drive me to my father's house—to Dr. Bell's, on Lotus Avenue."

Dennis gave an audible snort of trumpet-like "uncertain sound" before he answered, gravely: "I'm sorry for you, miss—indade I am; and I b'lave in my heart this isn't you, miss, at all, at all. But I must be afther mindin' my misthress; and arders is arders, miss."

"But listen; let me speak to you, please." The man had given a sharp crack of his whip, which sent Pete lurching half way across the road, and sped him into a broken canter.

"Arders is arders, miss, and my misthress expicts me to do her biddin'," Dennis repeated, doggedly, jerking now this rein and now that, while poor bewildered Pete dashed on drearily.

The girl became now really frightened and in anguish. As they approached the entrance to Main Street she seemed to lose her self-possession, and, as if distracted, she loosened her apron, took it off, and threw it into the road; then, trembling violently, she began to unbutton her shoes. She was premeditating a leap from the wagon.

A gentleman was walking by the way-side, musingly, with a book in his hand. His attention was suddenly arrested by sharp cries of distress. He saw a wagon driving rapidly toward him, with the driver bent forward excitedly, and a female figure standing erect. "Help! help!" was heard distinctly on nearer approach, and, "Oh, Mr. Deering! dear Mr. Deering! I am being run away with. Help me quick!"

He recognized the voice, and without hesitation sprang to the horse's head, and seized the reins at the bit.

"I'll howld him, Sir," said Dennis. "Niver fare; I'm not running away with the young lady. I'll howld Pate, and explain the matther to satisfaction intirely."

Frank Deering caught in his arms the girl, who sprang from the wagon. "Clorinda!" he gasped; but she answered not. Her trembling limbs sank beneath her; she fell heavily against his protecting arm; her head dropped lifelessly upon his shoulder. Clorinda had fainted.

Dennis, flinging the reins upon the back of Pete, who was by no means a dangerous animal, and always sure to stand, hastened to give assistance and to explain.

"I am dying," murmured poor little Clorinda. It was her first experience of the womanly accomplishment of a veritable dead swoon, from which the "coming to" is painful.

"I will not let you die, my child," said Deering, who was kneeling beside her, his face bending over her with ineffable benevolence, and his hand gently laving her forehead and lips with the water Dennis had brought in his cap from a stream in an adjacent meadow.

"She'll be all right again now, Sir," said Dennis, much relieved from apprehension as he saw, upon the deadly paleness beneath the tawny complexion, which drops of water were fast washing away,

faint blush tints beginning to rally. "And it's only a joke about the judge. My orders was shtrictly to drive the young lady round pretty shmartly, and dhrop her at her own door, with Miss Mopers's bist compliments, and this note and handkercher to Dr. Bell." And Dennis drew the handkerchief from his vest with the flourish of a professor of legerdemain, and a three-cornered note from Miss Jane to the doctor, returning his daughter, with indignant and cautionary fears for her future.

Mr. Deering saw neither mouchoir nor billet. His whole attention was given to the interesting object before him. Never before had he been placed in the romantic position of a chivalric knight succoring a forlorn maiden, and the situation struck his fancy, and, indeed, moved his heart.

"I didn't mean to," said Clorinda, pathetically, clasping his hand with the genuine penitence and appealing confidence of a little child. "Please don't let dear papa know it; don't let any one know it, Mr. Deering."

This was all that happened. Dennis was relieved of responsibility when the evidence and accusation had passed into the hands of "a friend of the family," and he was bound over to silence by a largess so generous that it was sufficient, if need be, to keep his mouth shut for a century, after he had once opened it, in astonishment at his good luck, wider than it had ever been opened before. Clorinda, recovering strength, and insisting upon walking home, took Mr. Deering's arm for only a short distance, until she was fully nerved. They went in by the pasture gate, and meeting no one on the grounds, entered the house unnoticed. That evening Mr. Deering made a friendly call on Miss Mopers, and charmed her to perpetual secrecy by exerting the spell, unfamiliar to her, of manly fascination.

Thenceforth not a word was said alluding to the adventure. But from that day Clorinda's manner changed: when her sisters observed her new dignity of behavior, and questioned its cause, she simply answered, "I suppose it is time, now that I am so old, to behave like a woman." And from that day Mr. Deering knew that her conduct to him was no longer disdainful and aggravating, but respectful and considerate, and that her eyes often looked upon him with the confiding and grateful regard which they gave to no other being excepting her idolized father.

For himself, he was too genuine and loyal a lover to extend to another any share of the devout sentiment he bestowed upon his own beloved and long-betrothed Rosina. But he confessed to a new kindness and brotherly fondness for Clorinda, and he kept a nook in his imagination sacred to the thrilling image of a lovely girl fainting in his arms and returning to consciousness and to life beneath his own breath-giving.

A real nice jolly tragedy! These words might apply to a play written in mimic sketching of some of the sad and bitter expositions of life, but they could not apply to reality. When the real tragedy came, how far off in the dim distance seemed their trivial scorn and feeble mockery!

And this was a real tragedy, a true grief, a sad and bitter sorrow, that had fallen upon the household of that gentle-hearted, blameless man, the unworldly and abstruse Professor Bell.

The shock fell suddenly. It was the summer after Frank Deering's long visit. The day had been fixed for his marriage with Rosina, and all preparations for the event were completed. The wedding was to be on Wednesday noon, and Mr. Deering was to arrive on Tuesday evening.

On Monday morning Rosina did not appear at the breakfast table; but she was frequently late, so the absence was scarcely noticed. Toward noon her elder sister went to her chamber to learn if she were ill. She found the tray of tea and toast sent up some hours before standing, with no morsel tasted, in the antechamber, and the curtains of the alcove in which Rosina slept closely drawn.

"She still sleeps," thought Griselda; "I will not disturb her." And she stole away softly down stairs.

Afternoon came—no sign of Rosina. The alcove curtains were drawn aside; the bed showed no trace of a sleeper. The family became seriously alarmed. Inquiries were made among her friends throughout the town, but no one had seen her. Evening came—not a word. After a night of such anxiety and painful suspense as made its long hours seem unendurable, there came at morning a telegram from the nearest seaport:

"We embark for Havre in the steam-ship *V*—— to-day. We shall have sailed when this reaches you, and shall remain abroad a year. Trusting by that time you will become reconciled to our marriage,

"ROSINA and GEORGE CLEMENTS."

George Clements was a hopeless scapegrace, the detestation of the town. Rosina's attachment to him had never been suspected. On the contrary, her engagement to Frank Deering was the accepted fact; and the wedding cards had been received with congratulations, and confidence in her secure happiness.

This heartless elopement filled every one with astonishment and lament. The wronged and sorrowful father seemed utterly crushed by the blow; it was heart-breaking to listen to his expressions of grief, so full of tenderness for his child, and of blame for himself. In his wild self-accusation—that most sharp sword of calamity, which pierced this good man without justice—so bitterly did he bewail his unfitness to rear his offspring aright, that he even blamed himself for having married, when past middle life, the lovely young creature who adored him, the mother of his girls, and the being whose devotion had been the one great happiness of his life.

His condition became so deplorable that his physician was called in; and it was late evening when, under the influence of opiates, he fell into a troubled sleep. Clorinda was by his bedside, holding his hand in hers, when Griselda came, worn with weeping, and whispered to her:

"Cloe, Frank Deering has come; you must go down and see him. I have not nerve for the ordeal."

Clorinda, stooping first to kiss the pale hand which she dropped gently upon the still sobbing breast of the sleeper, went as she was entreated. She found Mr. Deering in the library. He had flung himself into the arm-chair by the table, and his head was bowed upon his folded arms. He did not look up when she entered, nor move when she came near.

"Can I do any thing for you?" she asked, very, very softly.

"There is nothing to be done," he answered, his face still hidden. And she heard him moan to himself: "Oh, how can I bear this?—how can I *ever* bear this?"

He arose and paced the room for some time; then he resumed the position in which she had found him. All the while she forbore to utter a word, or to look at his face. Now she drew a chair near him, and remained long by his side in silence, just speaking at last to tell him of arrangements that had been made for his possible refreshment after his journey, and for his spending the night. Then she arose, and with her hand just gently touching his shoulder, said, "Good-night."

"Are you going, Clorinda?"

"If I thought I could comfort you," she answered, stung through with compassion, "I would stay. But well I know that I can not. Love is a terrible thing, that a man can never, never get over. And you loved Rosina, and she is gone. I must go too, for I can not take her place to make you glad again; I can not say, as my heart dictates—indeed it does, dear Mr. Deering—something soothing and consoling. If I thought I could, I would stay."

He raised his head from its bowed posture, and looked at the girl who stood before him. Pity, sympathy, tender, yes, tenderest emotion, shone in her tearful, earnest face—her womanly, child-like, warm, and truthful face. He saw through it into her guileless soul—saw with a man's quick perception its rich unconscious capabilities of true affection, the depths yet unstirred and unblemished in that innocent nature. He saw, not his tease, his torment, his pest, of a past midsummer, but his friend, his comforter, his— "Clorinda," he said—and his voice took, in that hour of his great sorrow, a tenderness, a depth of heart tone, that in all his love-making it had never, never taken before—"Clorinda, stay."

## A FEW WISHING CUSTOMS.

IN whatever grade of society or position of prosperity we are placed, we still hope for something better, and as mankind is never in this world perfectly happy, we find ourselves constantly wishing for some future blessedness superlative to that we at present enjoy. Consequently a host of futile customs to meet this want are practiced among the vulgar, who believe in their efficacy, and many of them are even patronized by the educated. In the west of England "wishing wells" are very plentiful, and young damsels longing for married felicity offer up the following petition:

"A husband, St. Catherine;
A handsome one, St. Catherine;
A rich one, St. Catherine;
A nice one, St. Catherine;
And soon, St. Catherine."

At Abbotsbury they used to go on a certain day in the year to the Norman chapel of St. Catherine at Milton Abbey and make the same prayer. It is somewhat singular that on the Continent this saint should be considered the special patroness of spinsters. At Holywell, or St. Winifred's Well, in North Wales, those who are not satisfied with their circumstances in life must find the "wishing stone," which is two feet below the water, and while kissing it make the necessary wish. In Pennant's *History of Whiteford Parish* we find an account of the Walsingham Wells. They were formerly used to cure ailments of the head and stomach, but as this idea is now exploded, the superstitious in the district still believe them to be able to accomplish human desires. There is a stone between the two wells, upon which the suppliant must kneel with his bare right knee; he can then reach both wells, which he is required to do with his hands, and to take as much water as they will hold, and drink it. The wish formed during this operation will be gratified in the ensuing twelve months; and if this fail, it is put down to incredulity.

A peculiar method of divination is practiced near Kirkmichael, Banff, at the fountain of St. Michael. There wives go to know if their husbands will get well, and girls for their sweethearts. The sacred guardian is personated by a fly, which skims over the surface of the water, and is supposed to be immortal; the issue of their wish is foretold by its dejected or animated appearance. An old man used to clear the well, which was otherwise neglected, and plant fragrant flowers round it, lamenting the degeneracy and unbelief of these modern times. According to Grose's *Provincial Glossary* (1811), to see a future spouse in a dream, "the parties inquiring must be in a different county from that in which they commonly reside; and on going to bed must knit the left garter about the right-legged stocking, letting the other garter and stocking alone; and as they rehearse the following verses, at every comma knit a knot:

"This knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see,
The man [or woman] that shall my husband [or wife] be,
How he [or she] goes, and what he [or she] wears,
And what he [or she] does all days and years."

During the season when the cuckoo's note is heard, many curious customs are observed; thus in England, as well as Germany, it is believed by the peasantry that, if asked, it will tell you how many years you have to live, by the repetition of its cry; so they say:

"Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Good bird, tell me
How many years have I to live."

As soon as the Danish village girls hear this bird, they kiss their hand, and ask: "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be married?" Among the Swedes, too, the girls exclaim:

"Cuckoo gray, tell to me,
Up in the tree, true and free,
How many years I must live and go unmarried."

Superstitions in connection with the appearance of the moon are very numerous; it generally presides over lovers' wishes. In Devonshire the young people, as soon as they see the first new moon after midsummer, go to a stile, turn their backs to it, and say:

"All hail, new moon! all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me
This night who shall my true love be—
Who is he, and what he wears,
And what he does all months and years."

A curious custom exists in Cornwall of gathering the club-moss, which is considered good for all diseases of the eyes. Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*, says the gathering is regarded as a mystery, and if any ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss will be of no more use to him. The third day of the moon, when it is seen for the first time, they show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and repeat:

"As Christ healed the issue of blood,
Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good."

At sunset, having carefully washed the hands, it is to be cut kneeling, wrapped in a cloth, and boiled in water from the nearest spring; this may be used as a fomentation, or the moss made into an ointment with butter made from a new cow's milk. Vallancey tells us that the Irish, on seeing the new moon, knelt down, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then said, "May thou leave us as safe as thou hast found us!" Aubrey says, speaking of old English manners, the women sit astride a gate or stile the first night of the new moon, saying, "A fine moon, God bless her!" Halliwell, in his *Popular Rhymes*, speaks of a peculiar divination practiced during the harvest-moon. When going to bed, put under your pillow a Prayer-book open at the words, in the matrimonial service, "With this ring I thee wed;" place on it a key, a ring, a flower, a sprig of willow, a small heart-cake, a crust of bread, and these cards: a ten of clubs, nine of hearts, and the aces of spades and diamonds. Wrap these in a muslin or gauze handkerchief, and on getting into bed cross your hands and say:

"Luna, every woman's friend,
To me thy goodness condescend;
Let me this night in vision see
Emblems of my destiny."

If you dream of storms, it portends trouble; a calm after it, so your fate will be; the ring or ace of diamonds, marriage; bread, industry; cake, prosperity; flowers, joy; willow, treachery in love; spades, death; diamonds, riches; clubs, a foreign land; keys, confidence, power, and plenty; birds, many children; and geese, you will marry more than one.

Some localities become, by time-honored custom, the wishing-places of lovers, such as the well-known gate at Grasmere, it being the popular belief that any wish formed there will be fulfilled. A beautiful view of the lake can be had from it, which romantic situation lends it an additional charm. Wordsworth has made it the subject of one of his touching poems. The old gate is, however, replaced by one now covered with initials in the real English style.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sister-matic."

What did the young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the car, but you can take a 'bus?"

We presume that it is because the coral is a kind of fish that it makes the best red ear-ring.

"What! Refuse to lend a paltry X to me, your other self!" "That's why: you'd never return the money: I know myself too well."

The cry of the chiropodist: "I came, I saw, I corn-cured."

By the sweet aroma that exhales from handkerchiefs during Sabbath morning services, one is reminded that there are many musk-ular Christians.

A French newspaper, the other day, had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

In London lately, in the case of Paris *v.* Jackson, an action for breach of promise of marriage, the defendant pleaded that "he was insane when the promise was made." This could not be considered a justifiable plea, for whenever a man proposes he is generally supposed to be "*madly* in love."

Charles the Simple once remarked to his fool, Jean, that he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being king. "Oh, content enough," was the reply; "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

A French widow is bewailing the recent loss of her husband. "I have at least one consolation," she sobs out, drying her tears: "I know where he spends his nights now."

PHOTOGRAPHER (*about to remove the screen from the camera*). "All ready! That is very good; but couldn't you—ah—put a little intelligence into your eyes?"

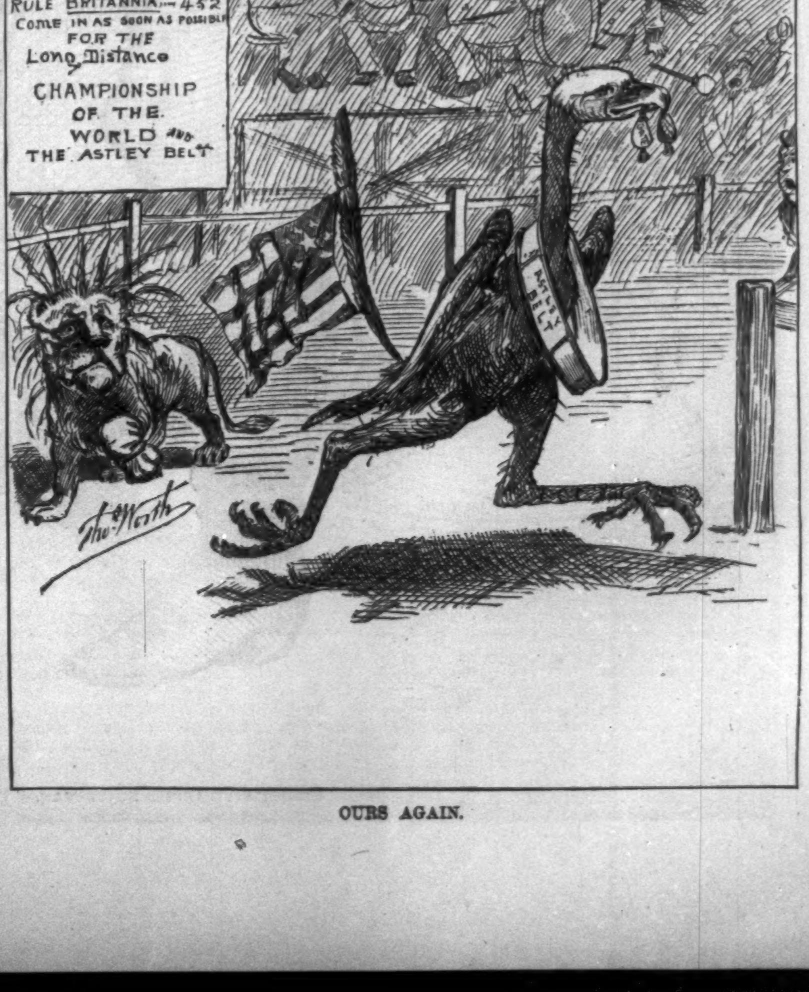
QUACK. "So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. Pillsbury?"
MRS. MULLIGAN. "Och, indade, docther dear, ye're a dale betther than the other ould humbug."

FATHER (*to sleepy boy*). "Come, James, you ought to be up with the lark on such a beautiful morning."
MATTER-OF-FACT BOY. "All right. But how'm I going to get up there?"

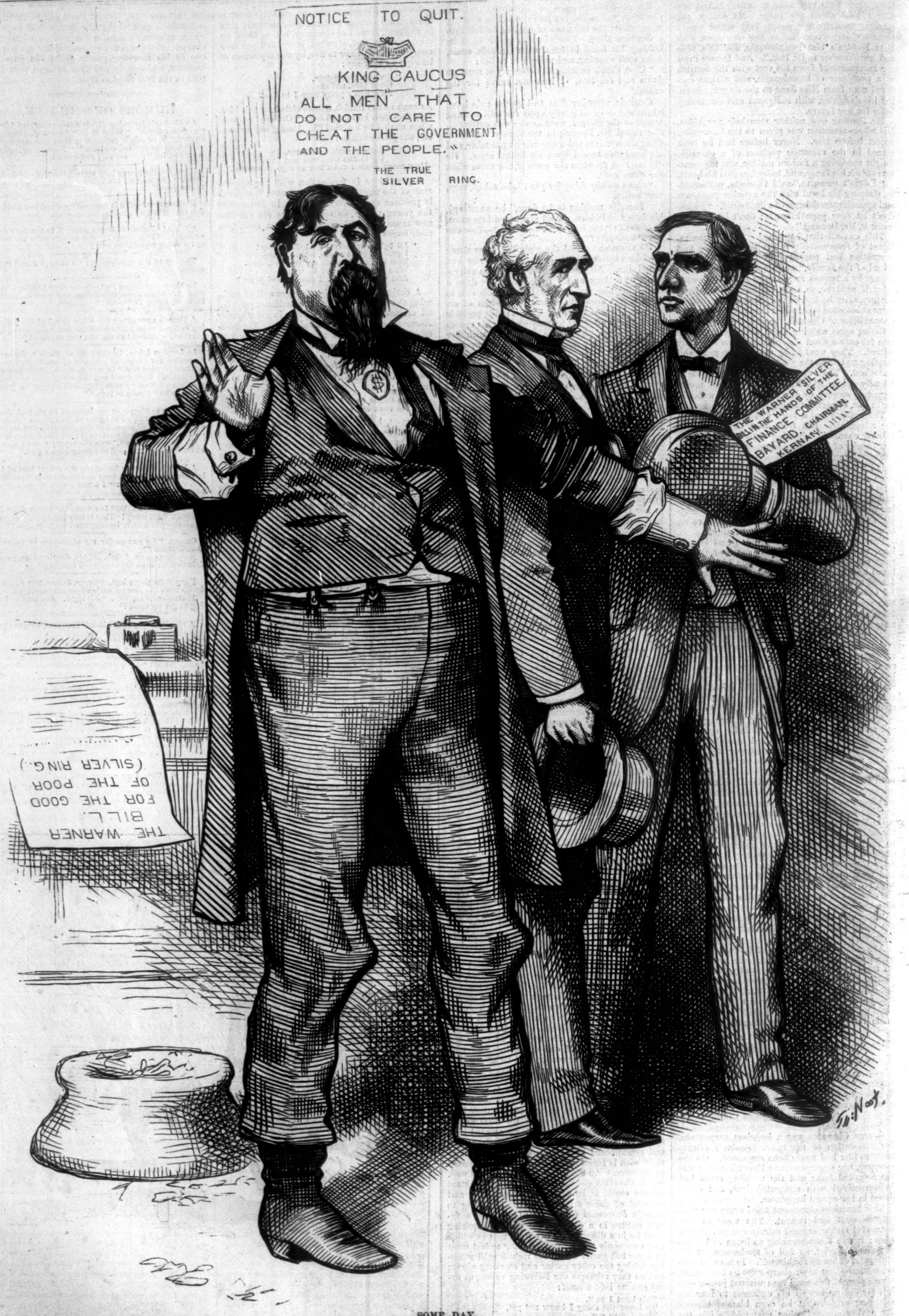
A nice little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

An old gentleman who had been intolerably annoyed by the hideous noises made by a drove of donkeys, mildly asked: "Do not those creatures ever die of softening of the *brayin'?*"

SPANISH-WISE.—One of the Spanish provincial papers recently published a singular notice in its obituary column. It said:
"This morning was summoned away the jeweller Siebald Illmaga from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow,
"VERONIQUE ILLMAGA.
"P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from 3 Tessi des Teinturiers to 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

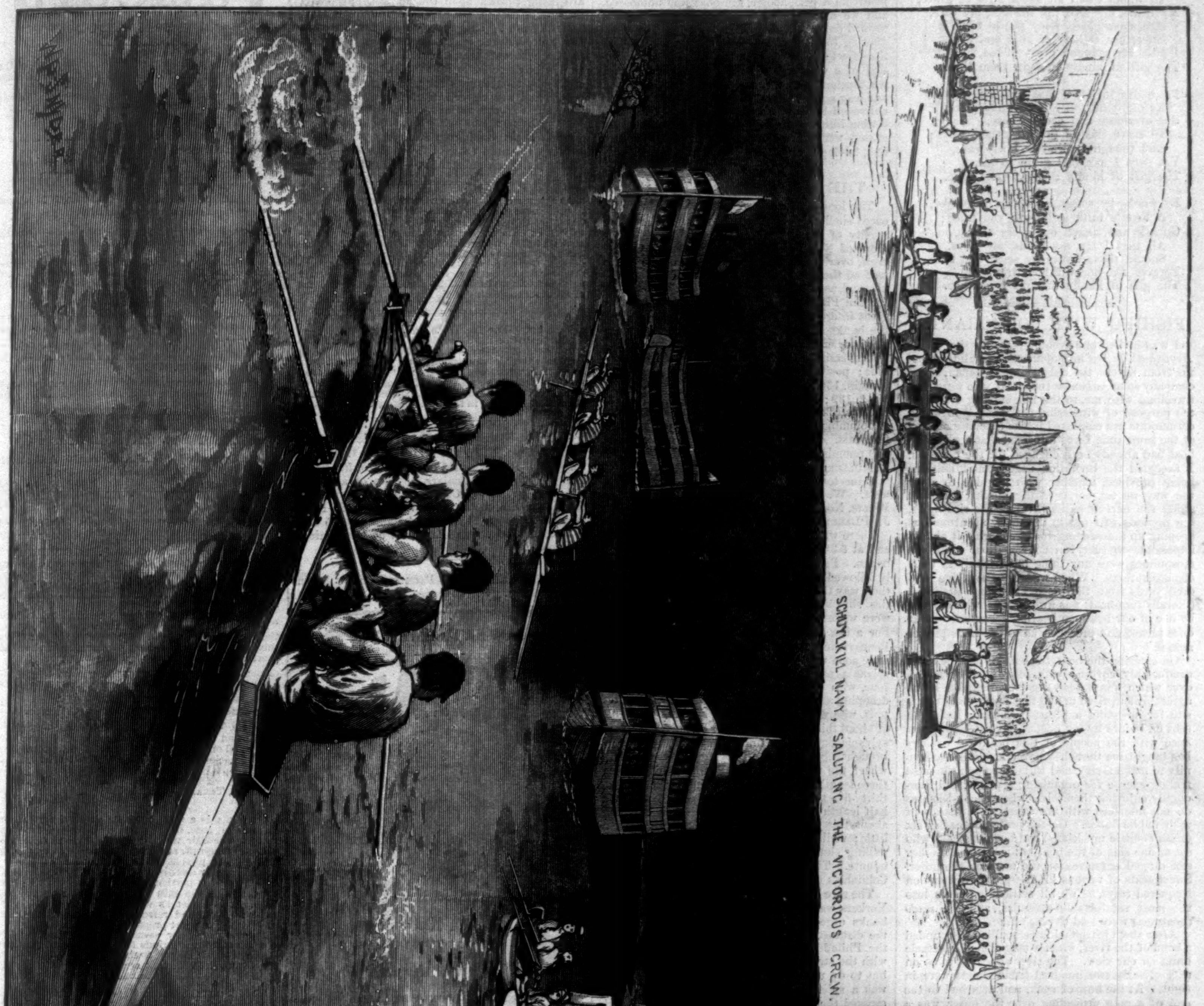



OURS AGAIN.




SOME DAY.

EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS STATESMAN. "The Hundred Cents Statesmen MUST GO!"




THE COLLEGE BOAT-RACE ON THE SCHUYLKILL—THE FINISH.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 554.]

## FROISSART TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

LADY of worth and beauty fair,
In whom dwell all sweet gifts of grace,
My heart, my love, my thought, my care,
Are slaves before thy gentle face;
Therefore, O lady of laud and praise,
I pray for guerdon great to me,
The gift of kindly thought from thee.

From day to day I make no prayer,
At night no other hope finds place,
But evermore and every where,
To serve thee in thy works and ways;
And though I plead in lowly case,
Yet dare I ask, oh! grant to me,
The gift of kindly thought from thee.

By words, by songs, by works, by prayer,
A lover's faith and truth you trace;
Go ask and search out every where,
All that I say, my deeds, my ways.
Should these unworthy seem, and base,
Forgive me, nor withhold from me
The gift of kindly thought from thee.

## FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

I WAS invited one evening (says a writer in the *Argonaut*), during my sojourn at a small town not far from Kiyoto, the old capital of Japan, to accompany some *yakunins* (officials), who were then travelling with me, to the neighboring river, for the purpose of witnessing the manner in which cormorants are employed in the catching of fish; at the same time I was informed that a pleasure-boat had already been engaged for the occasion. I accepted the invitation eagerly, and, lanterns being provided, together with a guide to show the way, we set out, carefully picking our way along the narrow paths dividing the rice fields, the myriads of frogs in the water all around us keeping up a deafening roar, rendering it almost impossible to carry on conversation, while the mosquitoes were any thing but friendly in their demonstrations. When we were about five hundred yards from the place where our *yane-bune* (literally roof-boat) was awaiting us, we were met by one of our boatmen bearing a lantern, who at once turned and preceded us to the little pier of stones.

On entering the boat, the bottom of which was comfortably covered with *tatami* (thick mats), over which was spread a gay-colored rug, I was agreeably surprised to find that every thing requisite for spending a pleasant evening had been sent on before by my hosts. My after-acquaintance with the people of this beautiful country has taught me that they never lose the opportunity to make merry, and will seize upon the most trifling excuse for organizing a picnic, and thoroughly enjoying themselves when such pleasures do not interfere with the strict performance of their public duties. On the present occasion six *geisha* (female musicians) had been engaged, who sat at one side of the boat, while we of the other sex ranged ourselves on the mats on the other. Sweetmeats of various kinds were spread out on lacquered trays, as we all settled ourselves into the most comfortable attitudes, and the *sendo* (boatmen) were told to cast off.

After about fifteen minutes' sculling we rounded a bend of the river, when a magnificent spectacle burst on our view. The river appeared to be on fire. Nearly two hundred fishing-boats were in sight. At the bow of each, and attached to the end of a pole projecting over the water, was a brazier containing burning pine wood, blazing pieces of which every now and then fell through the bars into the water, thereby multiplying the number of lights, real and reflected, and adding to the general effect. Our boatmen now steered us into the midst of the busy scene, and driving the boat pole into the bed of the river, made fast to it, and sat down to smoke their *kisero* (pipes). Each of the boats possessed from ten to twenty cormorants, which, when not engaged in their duty of catching fish, remained silently perched on the gunwales awaiting their masters' commands. The birds which are employed in this branch of industry are hatched from eggs obtained from the cliffs along the shore, and being accustomed from the first to the company of man, are very tame. Each has a name given to it, and, on its owner's making a peculiar sound, will enter the water in search of the fish that would, were it free, be its natural prey. Large numbers of them were now swimming around the boats, their movements controlled by strings attached to rings round their necks, and held in the fishermen's hands. Whenever a bird spied a fish attracted by the glare of the fire, it seized it with its bill, but was prevented from swallowing it by the ring round its throat. The fisherman then uttered a peculiar cry, and gently drew it into the boat, where it was forced to give up the prize. Occasionally the birds are rewarded by being permitted to swallow a fish. In some parts of Japan considerable quantities of fish are taken in this manner.

One of my entertainers now hailed the nearest boat, and bargained for some of the fresh-caught *sakana* (fish), and having provided a griddle for the occasion, had his purchase broiled over the *hibachi* (box holding charcoal fire); and this, with the wine, made a repast fit for an epicure. I partook heartily of this dish, which the Japanese know so well how to cook, and did not neglect the *sake* (wine), which was passed round pretty rapidly, and which was kept hot in a *kandokuri* (porcelain vessel in which wine is heated by being placed in a kettle of hot water) by one of the fair singers, who also took care that the bottle was replenished as fast as it was emptied. During all this time the *geisha* had been enlivening the feast with songs, accompanying themselves on their *samisens* (guitars), while in the interval jokes, puns, and repartee kept all in continual laughter.

My hosts now proposed to return, and, the boatmen having blown the remains of the tobacco out of their little pipes as a boy would blow a pea from a pea-shooter, the boat was unmoored, and we dropped gently down with the stream toward our landing-place; and just as I was beginning to cast rather tender glances (probably the effects of the fish or the wine) in the direction of a very pretty *geisha* seated opposite me, we touched the pier, and stepping ashore, took our way again through the rice fields, the scene enlivened by large numbers of *hotaro* (fire-flies) flitting hither and thither. Outside our hotel we parted with our fair musicians, and retired to rest, having spent a most pleasant evening.

## THE COLLEGE BOAT-RACE.

THE long-looked-for contest between the four-oared shell crews of the college club of the University of Pennsylvania, the Columbia College crew of New York, and the Princeton College crew, over the National Course of a mile and a half on the Schuylkill River, came off on the 24th ult., and, as every body knows, resulted in a victory for the Philadelphia boys. It was an event of great interest, and thousands of spectators lined the banks to watch the contest. The following were the crews and their positions and colors:

University of Pennsylvania: color, red and blue; position, centre. JAMES BOND, bow and captain, 150 pounds; WILLIAM M. STEWART, Jun., No. 2, 139; DAVIDSON KENNEDY, No. 3, 147; R. L. HART, stroke, 145.

Columbia College: color, blue and white; position, east. CHARLES ELDREDGE, bow and captain, 150 pounds; A. H. VAN SINDEREN, No. 2, 165; H. R. MÜLLER, No. 3, 154; T. A. PAINTER, stroke, 153.

Princeton: color, orange and black; position, west. W. S. HORTON, bow, 147 pounds; ALBERT WYLIE, No. 2, 156; H. M. BROTHERLIN, No. 3, 170; J. M'LAREN, stroke and captain, 162.

There was a delay of half an hour in starting, and at 6.36½ the signal was given, and the race began. Princeton took water first, but was quickly followed by the others. As the boats sped on their way the excitement became intense. Whistles shrieked, men shouted, and handkerchiefs were waved to encourage the contesting crews. For a few seconds the Princetons led; but the Pennsylvania four, bending to a thirty-five stroke, were soon up with them. Foot by foot the Pennsylvania men went to the front, the Columbia four, with a stroke of forty-one to the minute, dropping a boat's length to the rear of the Princetons, who were pulling a hard and ragged stroke of about thirty-six. At Laurel Hill pier the Pennsylvania boys led by three lengths, and Columbia brought up the rear. Leaving the Laurel Hill wharf, the positions were: Pennsylvania leading three lengths, and apparently gaining, their stroke thirty-five to the minute; Princeton second, by a half length in advance of the Columbias, pulling about thirty-six, but now and again spurting a little; while the Columbias were moving third, pulling sharp and quick, about forty-one to the minute. Then the situation changed, and the Columbias took second place.

The race between the Pennsylvanians and New-Yorkers was now very close, and shouts from the banks urged the crews on. Columbia lessened the distance, and slowly but surely crept up on the Philadelphians. Their bow came up even with the stern of the leaders, and then lapped it, but to do more than that they were unable. It was a splendid race, and the Philadelphia crew crossed the line leading Columbia half a length only. Princeton was a bad third. The time was: Pennsylvania, 9.23¼; Columbia, 9.24¼; and Princeton, 9.33½.

In the evening the handsome silver vase (the gift of Mr. CHILDS), the intercollegiate colors, and the individual medals were presented to the winners by HAMPTON L. CARSON, Esq. The Challenge Vase is of burnished silver body, engraved with a representation of the banks of the Schuylkill, with the Pennsylvanians' boat-house and rival crews in the foreground. On the back are inscribed the words: "G. W. Childs Vase. Presented for the Intercollegiate Boat-Race." The names of the winning crew will be inscribed on the shield of the pedestal.

BREESPORT, CHEMUNG CO., N. Y., *October* 16, 1876.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Last Spring I was attacked with congestion of the lungs; soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and a general giving way of the whole man. Failing to find relief in remedies ordinarily prescribed, and not expecting any benefit, but to satisfy friends, I tried a bottle of your Golden Medical Discovery. When I had taken it I was so much improved that I continued, taking three in all, and it effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find there occupation gone.

Yours gratefully, L. B. MCMILLAN, M.D.
—[*Com.*]

### SCENE AT BREAKFAST-TABLE.

ECONOMICAL WIFE (*musingly*). "We might save all this abominable waste."

JOHN (*eagerly*). "What waste, my dear—and how?"

E. W. "Why, just think how little food we get from the meat that cook buys!"

JOHN. "Well, what can we do about it?"

E. W. "I don't know, unless you send home some of that delicious beef such as we ate at Maria's. There's no waste to that."

JOHN. "What, corned beef?"

E. W. "Pshaw! No. That's good for an occasional relish. I mean the Boston Beef Packing Company's Fresh Beef, which is not only good cold, but prepares so beautifully in many ways."

JOHN. "Ah, yes! Well, I'll ask the grocer to send some home to-day; I hear of its excellence and cheapness every day."

E. W. "And, while you are about it, ask grocer to send up half a dozen cans of Meriam Green Turtle Soup."

Exit John, saying, "All right; I'll send it."—[*Com.*]

CAUTION TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Owing to the increasing cost of vanilla beans used in the manufacture of Extract Vanilla, spurious compounds are being thrown upon the market, purporting to be pure vanilla, but prepared principally from Tonqua beans. This nauseating substitute costs the manufacturer less than one-twentieth part as much as the genuine vanilla bean. It can readily be detected by its odor. It is used principally by tobacconists for perfuming snuff and cigars, and was never intended to be used as a flavoring for the various compounds prepared for the human stomach. *Burnett's Extract of Vanilla* is prepared from selected vanilla beans, and is warranted entirely free from Tonqua or other deleterious substances.—[*Com.*]

As a general thing Ladies who make any pretensions to refinement desire to have *soft, white hands*. We believe that there is nothing will tend more to produce this effect than the constant use of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water mixed with the water in the basin. It removes redness and roughness. The ladies of Cuba and South America were the first to discover the extraordinary virtues of this floral water as a cosmetic, and have long since discarded the use of all others.—[*Com.*]

FLORILINE—For the Teeth and Breath, is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites, or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath; it is perfectly harmless, and delicious as sherry. Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere in the United States.—[*Com.*]

THE Sea-Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, N. J., will be ready for Guests on July 1st. It is intended only for Working Girls. For terms and particulars, address or apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 5 and 7 P.M. each day. Circulars sent on application.—[*Com.*]

The latest thing out is PECK & SNYDER'S Lawn Tennis Shoes. See advertisement.—[*Com.*]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.


ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the Wine district of France. Always uniform and Wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk.

TRADE MARK.

JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, Belfast, Ireland,

Manufacture Goods from the Best Flax only. Make no inferior goods. To be had at all first-class retail dry goods stores.

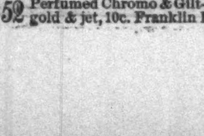
"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

ANNUAL RECORD
OF
Science and Industry for 1878.

Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., for $15 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



C. WEIS, Successor to Pollak & Co., Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods, wholesale and retail. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Send for Circular. P. O. Box 3021. First Prize Medal Vienna Exposition, 1873.

52 Perfumed Chromo & Gilt-edge ass't'd Cards, name in gold & jet, 10c. Franklin Print'g Co., W. Haven, Ct.

Cuticura
REMEDIES

Have speedily and permanently cured Humors of the Skin and Scalp of Children and Infants afflicted since birth.

The treatment prescribed in such cases is mild doses of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT—a perfectly safe yet powerful blood purifier—and the external use of CUTICURA, the great skin cure. The CUTICURA SOAP should be the only soap applied to the diseased skin for cleansing purposes.

HUMOR ON A CHILD
Since Birth Cured after faithful Medical Treatment had failed.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—My little son, two years of age, has had a humor on one side of his face since he was born, which during the last four months has spread over the entire side of the face, the chin, ear, and side of the head. It must have itched and irritated him a great deal, as he scratched the surface all the time, no matter what was applied. I used many remedies, by advice of friends and my physician, without benefit, until I found CUTICURA, which immediately allayed the itching and inflammation, and entirely cured him.

Respectfully, JOHN L. SURRY,
*With Walworth Manufacturing Co.*
BOSTON, *April* 15, 1878.

NOTE.—Once cured, the skin may be rendered soft and fair by using the Cuticura Soap exclusively for toilet or nursery purposes.

CHILDREN AND INFANTS.
More Cures of Skin and Scalp Affections by the Cuticura Remedies.

Fred. Rohrer, Esq., Cashier Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effects on my baby, that I cannot afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin St., Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call Eczema. We have tried 'most everything, and at last have used CUTICURA, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy."

PRICKLY HEAT.
Incidental to the Texan Climate.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—Enclosed please find one dollar for a large box of CUTICURA. The small one that I received some time ago has been very efficacious, especially in Prickly Heat or Rash, as some people call it. I am noising it about.

Yours truly, THOMAS W. BUCKLEY.
MASON, TEXAS, *Sept.* 22, 1878.

CUTICURA is a most valuable external application. It heals all cuts, bruises, and abrasions of the skin; restores the hair when destroyed by scalp diseases; removes dandruff, and keeps the scalp clean, and the hair soft and pliable. It is as agreeable as it is effective, and is ably assisted in every case by the CUTICURA SOAP, which is particularly recommended to mothers for cleansing the skin and scalp of infants and children. It is Toilet as well as Medicinal, and is the most fragrant and refreshing Soap for the nursery and bath of any yet prepared.

Parents have our assurance that these remedies contain nothing injurious to the youngest infant, evidence of which may be found in the certificates of Dr. Hayes and Prof. Merrick accompanying each remedy.

The CUTICURA REMEDIES are prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington Street, Boston, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents per cake; by mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

They destroy all tendency to inflammation by drawing from the system morbid or unwholesome matter—thus preventing or curing Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Sciatica. Worn over the pit of the Stomach, they prevent Ague and Liver Pains, Inflammation of the Liver and Kidneys, Bilious Colic, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cramps and Pains.

M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.

The publishers beg to announce that THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this important work **is now ready for subscribers.**

This Volume has been executed without any retrenchment or material modification of plan, and it is the expectation of the Editor to complete the alphabet within the compass of Ten Volumes. A Supplement will follow, containing the necrology and other items that have accrued during the progress of the work. Circumstances not likely to recur have required a somewhat longer time than usual for the preparation of the present Volume; but this will cause no postponement in the eventual completion of the work, as about one-half of Vol. IX. is already in type, and the Tenth Volume may therefore be looked for in two years from the present issue.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

NOTE.—As this valuable work approaches completion, its sales rapidly increase, and experienced Agents recognize the fact that it is one of the most desirable works to handle that are being sold by subscription.

*Circulars and terms sent on application.*

KEY WEST | Havana Cigars—"Cheroots," $30 per 1000. K. W. Elegantes, $25. Sample box by mail, 50c. J. M. AGUERO, 243 6th Ave., N. Y.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

# Rogers' Groups of Statuary,

**PRICE $10 AND UPWARD.**

**Enclose 10 cts. for Illustrated Catalogue, to**

JOHN ROGERS,

23 Union Square, New York.

**MAGIC TRICK FAN!**

Latest thing out. A pretty and durable Fan; hand it to a friend, and it instantly falls in pieces; you alone can restore it: a rich joke; causes endless fun and wonder; worth double the price as a fan alone. Sent postpaid for 20c; two for 35c; $1.40 per doz. Postage stamps taken. Address

EUREKA TRICK & NOVELTY CO.,

*P. O. Box* 4614. No. 39 Ann St., New York.

# IMPRESSIONS OF Theophrastus Such.

By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

The position of George Eliot as the most eminent living writer of English fiction, challenges attention to every production of her pen, and will call forth an eager curiosity as to the contents of the present volume. * * * Wherever she places her touch, she leaves the impression of the profound insight, the serene wisdom, the fine observation, and the subtle humor which so graciously signalize her nature.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The short essays are stamped with all of the writer's peculiarities of thought and style, and are witty, suggestive, and delightful.—*Journal of Commerce*, N. Y.

The book is studded with fine thoughts and fine expressions. * * * And there are very fine humorous touches in the volume.—*Spectator*, London.

Many wise and witty remarks, many acute and thoughtful observations. * * * It is the peculiar characteristic of George Eliot's observations—and one exemplified in this her last work perhaps more than in any previous one—that she always puts in the best language thoughts which appear to have been in the reader's mind often before. In these pages they are crystallized. * * * George Eliot is surely one of those who is not only clever herself, but the cause of cleverness in others. After reading her book one feels brighter and more brilliant, and full of acute remarks and sharp sayings.—*Examiner*, London.

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

**THEY ALL DO IT!**
**CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $13.**
COLUMBIAN PRESS, Self-Inking, from $25 to $56; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Send stamp for catalogue to CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

# ANGOSTURA BITTERS,

An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole civilized world, cures dyspepsia, diarrhœa, fever and ague, colics, and all disorders of the digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**—J. W. HANCOX, U. S. Sole Agent, 51 Broadway. P. O. Box 2610, New York.

*Send for Circulars.* E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**C. F. A. HINRICHS'**
English Archery, Lawn Tennis, &c.,
NEW YORK.

# HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

| | |
|---|---|
| *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, One Year | $4 00 |
| *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, " " | 4 00 |
| *HARPER'S BAZAR*, " " | 4 00 |
| The THREE publications, one year | 10 00 |
| Any TWO, one year | 7 00 |
| SIX subscriptions, one year | 20 00 |

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

## ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
**HARPER & BROTHERS,**
**Franklin Square, N. Y.**

# CHEAP EDITION OF MOTLEY'S HISTORIES.

**THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.**

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. A New Cheap Edition is now ready. 3 volumes, 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Label, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. *Sold only in Sets. (Ready.)*

**THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.**

History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portraits. 4 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Label, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. *Sold only in Sets. (Ready.)*

**JOHN OF BARNEVELD.**

Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the "Thirty-Years' War." By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Label, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $4 00. *Sold only in Sets. (Nearly Ready.)*

The original Library Edition, on larger paper, of Mr. Motley's Histories can still be supplied: "The Dutch Republic," 3 vols.; "The History of the United Netherlands," 4 vols.; "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," 2 vols. Price *per volume*, in Cloth, $3 50; in Sheep, $4 00; in Half Calf or Half Morocco, $5 75. *The volumes of this original edition sold separately.*

☞ Readers who have incomplete sets of the original Library Edition are requested to order at once the volumes required to perfect their sets.

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT** OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT** OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT** OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., and J. MILHAUS & SONS.

**PRINTING PRESSES** from **$1.00 to $150.**
Book of Type, 10c. Circulars free. Sample Package of Cards, 10 c.
**YOUNG AMERICA PRESS COMPANY**
35 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

# HARPER'S Library of American Fiction.

| | CTS. |
|---|---|
| 12. CAPTAIN NELSON. A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake | 75 |
| 11. THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS. A Story for Young Old Folks and Old Young Folks. By William M. Baker | 75 |
| 10. COUSIN POLLY'S GOLD MINE. By Mrs. A. E. Porter | 40 |
| 9. LIKE UNTO LIKE. By Sherwood Bonner | 75 |
| 8. OLD SLIP WAREHOUSE. By Mary A. Denison | 60 |
| 7. BLUSH ROSES. By Clara Francis Morse | 50 |
| 6. KILROGAN COTTAGE. By Matilda Despard | 60 |
| 5. COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE. A Story of To-Day | 75 |
| 4. MAG. A Story of To-Day | 50 |
| 3. MIRIAM'S HERITAGE. A Story of the Delaware River. By Alma Calder | 75 |
| 2. JUSTINE'S LOVERS | 60 |
| 1. ESTHER PENNEFATHER. By Alice Perry | 75 |

*All of the above are in Octavo, with Ornamental Paper Covers.*

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ *"Harper's Library of American Fiction" will be supplied in half-leather binding, paper sides, at 25 cents per volume, net, in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.*

**GOVERNESS,** RESIDENT.—Wanted, for small private family in Toronto, Canada, on or before 1st of September, thoroughly accomplished lady, with successful experience as teacher in highest branches of female education. Address, with particulars of qualifications, experience, &c., **"T. H," Box 2622,** Toronto Post-Office.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. Harper & Bro., Cleveland, O.

**$5 to $20** per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

# Thurber's Reliable Canned Goods.

Great progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exposed for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. *All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where consumers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.*

**H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,**
**Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products,**
**NEW YORK.**

# Harper's European Guide-Book FOR 1879.

By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE.

**IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.**

**The Volumes sold separately.**

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

**HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master.** By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

**HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

# FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

**850 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations.**
Free to all who send us their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address
UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO.,
178 & 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

**VIREÜN** (School for Boys),
Sing Sing, N. Y.
One Hundred Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to
**Col. H. C. SYMONDS** (late U. S. Army), **Principal.**

MORE AGENTS WANTED FOR

# Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

Since the first of modern travellers attempted to solve the great problem of the source of the Nile, no work on Africa has appeared equal in interest or importance to Mr. Stanley's fascinating narrative of his journey through the Dark Continent. An achievement involving dangers, hardships, and suffering such as few men could survive to relate, his exploration of the River Congo from its source to its mouth, through the territory of hostile and barbarous tribes, in spite of appalling physical hindrances, and in the face of obstacles which at times threatened the destruction of the entire party, must be regarded as a wonderful exhibition of sagacity, courage, and endurance. Apart from its romantic side, Mr. Stanley's journey was of the highest importance from a scientific point of view. He traversed vast regions never before trodden by the foot of civilized man, solved a geographical problem second only in interest to that of the Nile, and opened a way for civilization and Christianity into the very heart of the African Continent.

His narrative is one of extraordinary interest and novelty, full of incident and adventure, and replete with information. Although a story of actual occurrences, it reads like a product of the imagination, so marvellous were his experiences among the wild dwellers along the banks of the great river whose unknown course he traced. No one who takes up this work will be willing to intermit the perusal of its fascinating pages until the last leaf of the second volume is turned.

The work is splendidly and profusely illustrated, from sketches and photographs by the author, showing the scenery and the people along his route, and many of his surprising adventures. It is also furnished with carefully engraved maps.

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,**
**Franklin Square, New York.**

**$2,000 A YEAR** for honest, intelligent business men or agents. New business; light work. Address J. B. CHAPMAN, Madison, Ind.

**$66** A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

**$777** A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

**$72** A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

# HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

**HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

II.

**ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1878.** Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877.) The Complete Set, 8 vols., $15 00.

III.

**WARREN'S ASTRONOMY.** Recreations in Astronomy. With Directions for Practical and Telescopic Work. By the Rev. H. W. WARREN, D.D. With 83 Illustrations and Maps of the Stars. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

IV.

**GASPARD DE COLIGNY** (Marquis de Chatillon), Admiral of France, Colonel of French Infantry; Governor of Picardy, Ile de France, Paris, and Havre. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.

**TALES FROM EURIPIDES.** By VINCENT KING COOPER, M.A., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

VI.

**HARPER'S EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOK FOR 1879.** By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Eighteenth Year (1879). In Three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.

VOL. II.—Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.

VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

VII.

**THE ZULUS AND THE BRITISH FRONTIERS.** By THOMAS J. LUCAS, Captain of the late Cape Mounted Rifles. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

VIII.

**IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.** By GEORGE ELIOT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

IX.

**THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS.** By W. M. THACKERAY. In Two Numbers of the Half-Hour Series. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents each; Cloth, 40 cents each.

X.

**LORD BACON.** By Lord MACAULAY. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

XI.

**HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.** By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Vol. III., Puritan England, 1603–1660; The Revolution, 1660–1688. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. *Vols. I., II., and III. now ready.* 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 per volume.

XII.

**ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.** Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume. The following volumes are now ready:

*Thackeray.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
*Robert Burns.* By Principal SHAIRP.
*Spenser.* By Dean CHURCH.
*Daniel Defoe.* By WILLIAM MINTO.
*Goldsmith.* By WILLIAM BLACK.
*Hume.* By Professor HUXLEY.
*Shelley.* By J. A. SYMONDS.
*Sir Walter Scott.* By R. H. HUTTON.
*Edward Gibbon.* By J. C. MORISON.
*Samuel Johnson.* By LESLIE STEPHEN.

XIII.

**HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO.** By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XIV.

**THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE.** By A. H. WESTON. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XV.

**HALF-HOUR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** Being an Introductory Volume to "Epochs of English History." By MANDELL CREIGHTON, M.A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

# THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

**HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

The House of Lys. By General HAMLEY. 15 cents.

John Caldigate. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 15 cents.

Orange Lily. By MAY CROMMELIN. 10 cents.

My Sister's Keeper. By LAURA M. LANE. 20 cents.

Mr. Grantley's Idea. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. 25 cts.

John Halifax, Gentleman. 15 cents.

Basildon. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT. 15 cents.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. By Colonel HAMLEY. 15 cents.

"For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN. 15 cents.

Under One Roof. By JAMES PAYN. 15 cents.

That Artful Vicar. 15 cents.

The Sherlocks. By JOHN SAUNDERS. 15 cents.

Quaker Cousins. By AGNES MACDONELL. 15 cents.

Coward Conscience. By F. W. ROBINSON. 15 cents.

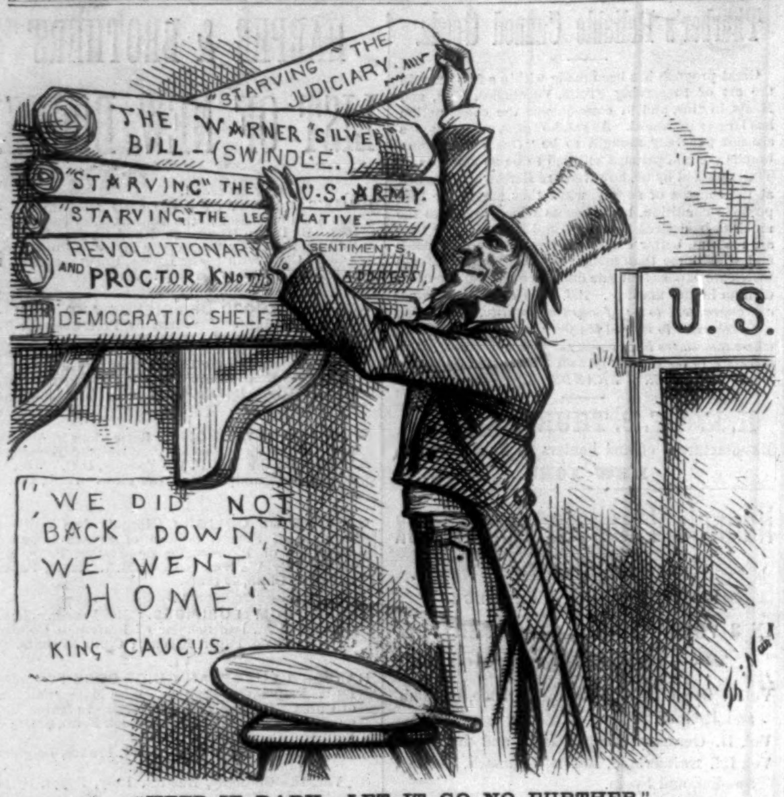
The Cloven Foot. By M. E. BRADDON. 15 cents.

The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. STIRLING. 15 cts.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

**HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.**




"KEEP IT DARK—LET IT GO NO FURTHER."

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.


# VERMILYE & CO., BANKERS,

## Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau St., N. Y.,

Buy and sell ON COMMISSION, for cash or on margin, all securities dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange.

United States 4 per cent. Bonds, and all other issues of the Government, bought and sold at market rates, FREE OF COMMISSION, and on hand for immediate delivery.

Called 5-20s bought or exchanged on favorable terms. Interest on deposits, subject to draft at sight.

**MARSHALL'S PREPARED CUBEBS And Cigarettes,**

A Sure Remedy for CATARRH, COLD in the HEAD, ASTHMA, all DISEASES of the THROAT, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c.

**JAMES B. HORNER, 59 Maiden Lane, N.Y., U.S.A.**

Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

## THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE WIRE GAUZE, NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL STOVE.

The **ONLY** Oil Stove made with **WIRE GAUZE** inside the **reservoir,** on the principle of the Sir Humphrey Davy Safety Lamp, making it **absolutely non-explosive.**

**AWARDED**

**The Highest Premium—a Medal—at the Paris Exposition** of 1878 for

**Safety, Capacity, and Durability.**

Made in four sizes—one, two, three, and four burners. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

THE ADAMS AND WESTLAKE M'F'G CO., CHICAGO.

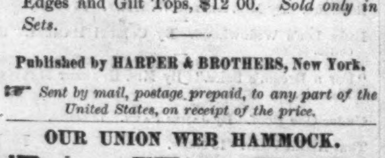
## A NEW LIBRARY EDITION OF HUME'S ENGLAND.

History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Vellum Cloth with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *Sold only in Sets.*

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

**OUR UNION WEB HAMMOCK.**



OUR HAMMOCK is 10 feet long, has a 6 foot bed, sustains 500 pounds; variegated in color, very handsome. On a hot day, in the shade, it is rest and refreshment. Equally good for city and country. Keep cool; take comfort; be happy. Reduced price $1.00, and postage, 22 cts. A much larger Hammock, price $2.00, postage, 26 cts. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**PERRY MASON & CO., 41 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass.**

## CONGRESS WATER,

Pronounced by Physicians and Connoisseurs to be the **Purest Mineral Water Known.** Nothing *Bitter, Acid,* or *Crude* to *irritate* the *Mucous Membrane.* Sold by all leading Druggists, Grocers, Hotels.

THE

## Meriden Britannia Company,

No. 46 East 14th St.,

**UNION SQUARE,**

**Offer of their own manufacture an elegant and complete assortment of fine**

## SILVER-PLATED WARE.

## LAWN TENNIS SHOES

We manufacture and import a full line of Ladies' and Gents' Tennis Shoes, with corrugated, plain, or perforated rubber soles.

| | PER PAIR |
|---|---|
| BEST DOMESTIC, either Ladies' or Gents', | $5 00 |
| BEST LONDON (Hickson's make), | 7 00 |

Our new Seaside List of Lawn Tennis, Archery, &c., sent on application. Address

**PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

## H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

**Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings,** Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

CURE BY ABSORPTION.

## "SAPANULE"

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

Cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LAME BACK, and all DISEASES and ACCIDENTS to the SKIN. Used in FOOT or SPONGE BATH, it at once relieves and cures pain and soreness of body or feet from whatever cause. Physicians of all schools recommend its use.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Proprietors, 237 Broadway, New York.**

## READ THIS LETTER.

Rock Island, April 1st, 1879.—Messrs. Dundas Dick & Co., New York City. *Gentlemen:*—I read on your box of Thermaline, "A safe and reliable substitute for Quinine." All this I steadfastly believe, on the ground both of personal experience and the positive testimony of my customers and friends who have used your remedy. I cannot record one case of even partial failure.

Sincerely yours, E. BREUNERT, *Dispensing Pharmacist.*

FINE ARCHERY

CONROY, BISSETT & MALLESON
65 FULTON ST. N.Y.
MALLESON'S PAT. SPLIT BAMBOO BOW
SEND FOR PRICE LIST

**ST. LOUIS LAW SCHOOL.**

Term opens October 15, 1879. Tuition, $80 per year. No extras. For circular address HENRY HITCHCOCK, Dean.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

**Diseases,** like rivers, spring from small causes. The roaring river may not be easily diverted from its course, nor the neglected disease from its destructive work. Taken in time, disease, which is merely an interrupted function, may be averted by the use of Nature's remedy,

## Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It combines the medicinal properties of the best mineral waters in the world.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS SUMMER?

To enable its readers to solve this perplexing question, **THE WORLD** has had prepared **FOUR SUMMER RESORT REGISTERS,** which are open to public inspection daily from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. (Sundays excepted), at the following places:

**Main Office of THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York.**
**Branch Office of THE WORLD, 1267 Broadway, New York.**
**LORING'S, Corner of Bromfield and Washington Streets, Boston.**
**CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.**

These Registers contain full particulars of the accommodations offered at a large number of hotels and private boarding-houses in various parts of the country.

They also contain a statement of prices, number of rooms, distances from New York, churches in the vicinity, accommodation for children, &c., &c. There is no fee charged for examining the Registers.

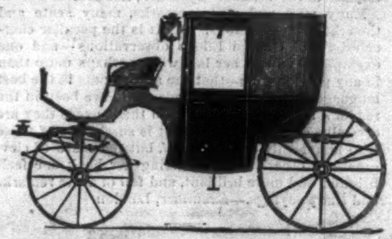
Address all communications to THE WORLD, New York.

## SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

**In 20 Numbers,** of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each, for trial, by mail, on receipt of **25 cts. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.**

Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. **NEW YORK.**

## A. S. FLANDRAU & CO.



## FINE CARRIAGES

**OF THE BEST CLASS,**

FITTED WITH RUBBER-CUSHIONED AXLES.

PARIS AND LONDON STYLES.

**Nos. 372 and 374 Broome St.**

## TUBAL CAIN.

WANTED.—Agents for the finest Masonic Engraving ever published in this country. Engraved on steel in the highest style of the art. None but thoroughly posted Masons, who will give their entire time to the work. For particulars and descriptive circulars, apply to the Publishers,

**BRADLEY & CO., 66 North Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

*LATEST ISSUES.*

| | CTS. |
|---|---|
| 51. The Sherlocks. By John Saunders | 15 |
| 52. That Artful Vicar | 15 |
| 53. Under One Roof. By James Payn | 15 |
| 54. Eothen; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East. By Alex. Wm. Kinglake | 10 |
| 55. "For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. Herbert Martin. | 15 |
| 56. Lady Lee's Widowhood. By E. B. Hamley | 15 |
| 57. A History of Our Own Times. By Justin M'Carthy. No. I | 20 |
| 58. Basildon. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt | 15 |
| 59. John Halifax, Gentleman | 15 |
| 60. Orange Lily. By May Crommelin | 10 |
| 61. Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot | 10 |
| 62. The Zulus and the British Frontiers. By Thomas J. Lucas | 10 |
| 63. John Caldigate. By Anthony Trollope | 15 |
| 64. The House of Lys. By Major-General W. G. Hamley | 15 |

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

## FISHERMEN! TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

**WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.**

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

## $3 Printing Press

Prints cards labels &c. (Self-inker $5) 18 larger sizes For business or pleasure, young or old. Do your own advertising and printing. Catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., for 2 stamps. Kelsey & Co. Meriden, Conn

**AGENTS WANTED** for the sale of our popular Subscription Books. Circulars sent on application to HARPER & BROTHERS, SUBSCRIPTION BOOK-DEPARTMENT, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N.Y.

## THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT.

JUMP in, old fellow, and I'll row you.
What! take the sculls yourself? All right!
Stretched at my ease meanwhile, I'll show you
At every turn some new delight.

One lovely spot there is completest—
You'll find this is no idle vaunt,
But own it is the very sweetest:
We've named it the Kingfisher's Haunt.

Back oars! Now pull those boughs asunder;
See, what a cozy nook is here!
Well may you gaze with loving wonder—
So tranquil all, so softly clear!

Just as I left the cove we've found it:
Taut, safely moored, my punting boat,
With water-lilies thick around it,
Like some fair garden bed afloat.

At times the place is all atwitter,
As streaks of blue gleam in and out,
Now here, now there, with dazzling glitter—
A swarm of sky-flakes blown about.

Anon, a colored spark is flashing,
A brightly iridescent ray—
It is our gay kingfisher dashing,
A wingèd rainbow, on his prey.

Now at the prow he sits admiring,
It seems, his second self below;
With gaze, Narcissus-like, untiring,
Fixed only on himself: but no!

For sudden, from his perch down-springing,
He plunges in, mid flash and foam;
And nestward soon his course is winging,
To feed his fledgeling ones at home.

Here let us, musing, rest a while, friend,
In this dear halcyon haunt of peace;
So, haply, some sad thoughts beguile, friend,
And take of life a longer lease.

## PEN SKETCHES.*

### JOHN STUART MILL.

IN strongest contrast to the influence of Carlyle may be set the influence of Mill. Except where the professed teachers of religious creeds are concerned, there can be found no other man in the reign of Victoria who had any thing like the influence over English thought that Mill and Carlyle possessed. Mill was a devoted believer in the possibilities of human nature and of liberty. If Rousseau was the apostle of affliction, Mill was surely the apostle of freedom. He believed that human society might be brought to something not far removed from perfection by the influence of education and of freedom acting on the best impulses and disciplining the emotions of men and women. Mill was a strange blending of political economist and sentimentalist. It was not altogether in humorous exaggeration that somebody said he was Adam Smith and Petrarch in one. The curious seclusion in which he was brought up by his father, the wonderful discipline of study to which in his very infancy he was subjected, would have made something strange and striking out of a commonplace nature; and Mill was in any case a man of genius. There was an antique simplicity and purity about his life which removed him altogether from the ways of ordinary society. But the defect of his teaching as an ethical guide was that he made too little allowance for the influence of ordinary society. He always seemed to act on the principle that with true education and noble example the most commonplace men could be persuaded to act like heroes, and to act like heroes always. The great service which he rendered to the world in his *Political Economy* and his *System of Logic* is of course independent of his controverted theories and teachings. These works would, if they were all he had written, place him in the very front rank of English thinkers and instructors. But these only represent half of his influence on the public opinion of his time. His faith in the principle of human liberty led him to originate the movement for what is called the emancipation of women. Opinions will doubtless long differ as to the advantages of the movement, but there can be no possible difference of judgment as to the power and fascination of Mill's advocacy, and the influence he exercised. He did not succeed in his admirable essay "On Liberty" in establishing the rule or principle by which men may decide between the right of free expression of opinion and the right of authority to ordain silence. Probably no precise boundary line can ever be drawn; and in this, as in so much else, law-makers and peoples must be content with a compromise. But Mill's is at least a noble plea for the fullest possible liberty of utterance; and he has probably carried the argument as far as it ever can be carried. There never was a more lucid and candid reasoner. The most difficult and abstruse questions became clear by the light of his luminous exposition. Something, too, of human interest and sympathy became infused into the most seemingly arid discussions of political economy by the virtue of his emotional and half-poetic nature. It was well said of him that he reconciled political economy with human feeling. His style was clear as light. Mill, said one of his critics, lives in light. Sometimes his language rose to a noble and dignified eloquence; here and there are passages of a grave, keen irony. Into the questions of religious belief which arise in connection with his works it is no part of our business to enter; but it may be remarked that his latest writings seem to show that his views were undergoing much modification in his closing years. His opponents would have allowed as readily as his supporters that no man could have been more sincerely inspired with a desire to arrive at the truth, and that none could be more resolute to follow the course which his conscience told him to be right. He carried this resolute principle into his warmest controversies, and it was often remarked that he usually began by stating the case of the adversary better than the adversary could have done it for himself. Applying to his own character the same truthful method of inquiry which he applied to others, Mill has given a very accurate description of one at least of the qualities by which he was able to accomplish so much. He tells us in his autobiography that he had from an early period considered that the most useful part he could take in the domain of thought was that of an interpreter of original thinkers, and mediator between them and the public. "I had always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker, except in abstract science (logic, metaphysics, and the theoretic principles of political economy and politics), but thought myself much superior to most of my contemporaries in willingness and ability to learn from every body, as I found hardly any one who made such a point of examining what was said in defense of all opinions, however new or however old, in the conviction that even if they were errors, there might be a substratum of truth underneath them, and that in any case the discovery of what it was that made them plausible would be a benefit to truth." This was not assuredly Mill's greatest merit, but it was perhaps his most peculiar quality. He was an original thinker, despite his own sincere disclaimer; but he founded no new system. He could be trusted to examine and expound any system with the most perfect fairness and candor; and, even where it was least in harmony with his own ideas, to do the fullest justice to every one of its claims.

### TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

The paths of the two poets who first sprang into fame in the present reign are strangely remote from each other. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are as unlike in style and choice of subject, and indeed in the whole spirit of their poetry, as Wordsworth and Byron. Mr. Tennyson deals with incident and picturesque form and graceful legend, and with so much of doubt and thought and yearning melancholy as would belong to a refined and cultured intellect under no greater stress or strain than the ordinary chances of life among educated Englishmen might be expected to impose. He has revived with great success the old Arthurian legends, and made them a part of the living literature of England. But the knights and ladies whom he paints are refined, graceful, noble, without roughness, without wild or at all events complex and distracting passions. It may perhaps be said that Tennyson has taken for his province all the beauty, all the nobleness, all the feeling, that lie near to or on the surface of life and of nature. His object might seem to be that which Lessing declared the true object of all art—"to delight;" but it is to delight in a somewhat narrower sense than was the meaning of Lessing. Beauty, melancholy, and repose are the elements of Tennyson's poetry. There is no storm, no conflict, no complication. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, delights in perplexed problems of character and life; in studying the effects of strange contrasting forces of passion coming into play under peculiar and distracting conditions. All that lies beneath the surface; all that is out of the common track of emotion; all that is possible, that is poetically conceivable, but that the outer air and the daily walks of life never see—this is what specially attracts Mr. Browning. In Tennyson a knight of King Arthur's mythical court has the emotions of a polished English gentleman of our day, and nothing more. Mr. Browning would prefer, in treating of a polished English gentleman of our day, to exhibit him under some conditions which should draw out in him all the strange elementary passions and complications of emotion that lie far down in deeps below the surface of the best ordered civilization. The tendency of the one poet is naturally to fall now and then into the sweetly insipid; of the other, to wander away into the tangled regions of the grotesque. It is perhaps only natural that under such conditions the one poet should be profoundly concerned for beauty of form, and the other almost absolutely indifferent to it. No poet has more finished beauty of style and exquisite charm of melody than Tennyson. None, certainly, can be more often wanting in grace of form and delight of soft sound than Mr. Browning. There are many passages and even many poems of Browning which show that the poet could be melodious if he would; but he seems sometimes as if he took a positive delight in perplexing the reader's ear with harsh unmusical sounds. Mr. Browning commonly allows the study of the purely psychological to absorb too much of his moods and of his genius. It has a fascination for him which he is seemingly unable to resist. He makes of his poems too often mere searchings into strange deeps of human character and human error. He seldom abandons himself altogether to the inspiration of the poet; he hardly ever deserves the definition of the minstrel given in Goethe's ballad, who "sings but as the song-bird sings." Moreover, Mr. Browning has an almost morbid taste for the grotesque; he is not unfrequently a sort of poetic Callot. It has to be added that Mr. Browning is seldom easy to understand, and that there are times when he is only to be understood at the expense of as much thought and study as one might give to a controverted passage in an ancient author. This is a defect of art, and a very serious defect. The more devoted of Mr. Browning's admirers will tell us, no doubt, that the poet is not bound to supply us with brains as well as poetry, and that if we can not understand what he says, it is the fault simply of our stupidity. But an ordinary man who finds that he can understand Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden and Wordsworth, Byron and Keats, without any trouble, may surely be excused if he does not set down his difficulty about some of Browning's poems wholly to the account of his own dullness. It may well be doubted whether there is any idea so subtle that if the poet can actually realize it in his own mind clearly for himself, the English language will not be found capable of expressing it with sufficient clearness. The language has been made to do this for the most refined reasonings of philosophical schools, for transcendentalists and utilitarians, for psychologists and metaphysicians. No intelligent person feels any difficulty in understanding what Mill, or Herbert Spencer, or Huxley means; and it can hardly be said that the ideas Mr. Browning desires to convey to his readers are more difficult of exposition than some of those which the authors we name have contrived to set out with a white light of clearness all round them. The plain truth is that Mr. Browning is a great poet in spite of some of the worst defects that ever stood between a poet and popularity. He is a great poet by virtue of his commanding genius, his fearless imagination, his penetrating pathos. He strikes an iron harpstring. In certain of his moods his poetry is like that of the terrible lyre in the weird old Scottish ballad—the lyre that was made of the murdered maiden's breast-bone, and which told its fearful story in tones "that would melt a heart of stone." In strength and depth of passion and pathos, in wild humor, in emotion of every kind, Mr. Browning is much superior to Mr. Tennyson. The Poet Laureate is the completer man. Mr. Tennyson is beyond doubt the most complete of the poets of Queen Victoria's time. No one else has the same combination of melody, beauty of description, culture, and intellectual power. He has sweetness and strength in exquisite combination. If a just balance of poetic powers were to be the crown of a poet, then undoubtedly Mr. Tennyson must be proclaimed the greatest English poet of our time. The reader's estimate of Browning and Tennyson will probably be decided by his predilection for the higher effort or for the more perfect art. Browning's is surely the higher aim in poetic art; but of the art which he essays Tennyson is by far the completer master. Tennyson has undoubtedly thrown away much of his sweetness and his exquisite grace of form on mere triflings and pretty conceits; and perhaps as a retribution those poems of his which are most familiar in the popular mouth are just those which least do justice to his genuine strength and intellect. The cheap sentiment of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the yet cheaper pathos of "The May Queen," are in the minds of thousands the choicest representation of the genius of the poet who wrote "In Memoriam" and the "Morte d'Arthur." Mr. Browning, on the other hand, has chosen to court the approval of his time on terms of such disadvantage as an orator might who insisted in addressing an assemblage in some tongue which they but imperfectly understood. It is the fault of Mr. Browning himself if he has for his only audience and admirers men and women of culture, and misses altogether that broad public audience to which most poets have chosen to sing, and which all true poets, one would think, must desire to reach with their song. It is, on the other hand, assuredly Mr. Tennyson's fault if he has by his too frequent condescension to the drawing-room, and even the young ladies' school, made men and women of culture forget for the moment his best things, and credit him with no higher gift than that of singing "virginibus puerisque." One quality ought to be mentioned as common to these two poets who have so little else in common. They are both absolutely faithful to nature and truth in their pictures of the earth and its scenes and seasons. Almost all the great poets of the past age, even including Wordsworth himself, were now and then content to generalize nature; to take some things for granted; to use their memory, or the eyes of others, rather than their own eyes, when they had to describe changes on leaf, or sky, or water. It is the characteristic of Tennyson and Browning that they deal with nature in a spirit of the most faithful loyalty. Not the branch of a tree, nor the cry of a bird, nor the shifting colors on sea or sky will be found described on their pages otherwise than as the eye sees for itself at the season of which the poet tells. In reading Tennyson's description of woodland and forest scenes one might almost fancy that he can catch the exact peculiarities of sound in the rustling and moaning of each separate tree. In some of Mr. Browning's pictures of Italian scenery every detail is so perfect that many a one journeying along an Italian road, and watching the little mouse-colored cattle as they drink at the stream, may for the moment almost feel uncertain whether he is looking on a page of living reality or recalling to memory a page from the author of "The Ring and the Book." The poets seem to have returned to the fresh simplicity of a far distant age of poetry, when a man described exactly what he saw, and was put to describing it because he saw it. In most of the intermediate times a poet describes because some other poet has described before, and has said that in nature there are such and such beautiful things which every true poet must see, and is bound to acknowledge accordingly in his verse.

### MRS. BROWNING.

These two are the greatest of our poets in the earlier part of the reign; indeed, in the reign early or late, so far. But there are other poets also of whom we must take account. Mrs. Browning has often been described as the greatest poetess of whom we know any thing since Sappho. This description, however, seems to carry with it a much higher degree of praise than it really bears. It has to be remembered that there is no great poetess of whom we know any thing from the time of Sappho to that of Mrs. Browning. In England we have hardly had any woman but Mrs. Browning alone who really deserves to rank with poets. She takes a place altogether different from that of any Mrs. Hemans or such singer of sweet, mild, and innocent note. Mrs. Browning would rank highly among poets without any allowance being claimed for her sex. But estimated in this way, which assuredly she would have chosen for herself, she can hardly be admitted to stand with the foremost even of our modern day. She is one of the most sympathetic of poets. She speaks to the hearts of numbers of readers who think Tennyson all too sweet, smooth, and trivial, and Robert Browning harsh and rugged. She speaks especially to the emotional in woman. In all moods when men and women are distracted by the bewildering conditions of life, when they feel themselves alternately dazzled by its possibilities and baffled by its limitations, the poems of Elizabeth Browning ought to find sympathetic ears. But the poems are not the highest which merely appeal to our own moods and echo our own plaints; and there was not much of creative genius in Mrs. Browning. Her poems are often but a prolonged sob, a burst of almost hysterical remonstrance or entreaty. It must be owned, however, that the egotism of emotion has seldom found such exquisite form of outpouring as in her so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and that what the phraseology of a school would call the emotion of "altruism" has rarely been given forth in tones of such piercing pathos as in "The Cry of the Children."

* From Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*. New York: Harper and Brothers.

## CRICKET.

"O parent Britain, minion of renown,
Whose far-extended fame all nations own,
Of sloth-promoting sports, forewarned, beware,
Nor think thy pleasures are thy meanest care.
Feed on the joys that health and pleasure give:
Where freedom reigns 'tis worth the while to live.
Nursed on thy plains, first Cricket learned to please,
And taught thy sons to slight inglorious ease.
And see, where busy counties strive for fame,
Each greatly potent at this mighty game:
Fierce Kent, ambitious of the first applause,
Against the world combined asserts her cause;
Gay Surrey sometimes triumphs o'er the field,
And fruitful Sussex can not brook to yield;
While London, queen of cities, proudly vies,
And often grasps the well-disputed prize.
Thus while Greece triumphed o'er the barbarous earth
Seven cities struggled, which gave HOMER birth."

IT is almost impossible for Americans who have not travelled abroad to appreciate the enthusiasm displayed by the English over their national game. It more than fills the place occupied by base-ball in our own country. Indeed, it has been stated, though with how much veracity we do not pretend to say, that British soldiers, by order of the Horse-Guards, are provided with cricket grounds adjoining their barracks, and that all of her Majesty's ships have bats and balls wherewith to astonish the cockroaches at sea and the crabs and turtles ashore. One authority, in commenting on this state of affairs, says, "Hence it has come to pass that wherever her Majesty's servants have carried their victorious arms and legs, wind and weather permitting, cricket has been played."

In America, however, though industriously planted by our English friends, cricket has never flourished generally. Therefore we will devote a few paragraphs to describing the game, which, though differentiated but slightly from base-ball, is probably strange and unfamiliar to most of our readers. The requirements for carrying on the game are, first, a piece of level turf an acre or two in extent; second, a sufficient number of players to form two sides of eleven each, or a lesser number for single wicket. For double wicket, the mode in which the game is usually played, two bats, two sets of wickets and bails, and a ball are necessary.

When a match is to be played between two elevens, the first thing to be done is to pitch the wickets. These "wickets" consist of six wooden "stumps," twenty-seven inches high, and are placed in the ground in sets of three, at a distance of twenty-two yards apart. On the top of each set of stumps are placed two small pieces of wood, called "bails." The rival sides toss for first innings, and the director of the side that is to go in first places two of his men at the wickets as batters, while a bowler, wicket-keeper, long stop, and fielders are placed in their several positions by the director of the opposite side. When these arrangements are satisfactorily made, and the markers, or scorers, are at their post, the umpires take their places, and the game begins. It may be well to mention here that the relative merits of rival sides are decided by the total number of runs made by each eleven batters during two innings, the side whose players score the most being, of course, victorious.

We may further premise that the bowler's object is to direct his ball, by a swift movement of the arm, toward the opposite wicket, at which one of the batsmen stands, and, if possible, to strike down the stump or knock off the bails, while the object of the batsman, on the other hand, is to protect his wicket from the bowler's attack by either stopping the ball when it reaches him (blocking), or driving it out to the field. And much of the beauty of the game depends upon the precision with which the bowler can direct ball after ball in a straight line for the wickets, and the corresponding skill displayed by a good batsman in guarding them. Let us suppose, now, the two batsmen to be at their places, the bowler at his ball, in hand, and the other players arranged in theirs: at a signal from the umpire the bowler cries, "Play!" and immediately after delivers his first ball. If the batsman misses the ball and it passes the wicket, the wicket-keeper stops it and returns it to the bowler, who delivers another ball, and so on. When the batsman strikes the ball fieldward, he immediately runs to the opposite wicket, passing his companion batsman, who crosses to his, and so on, till the ball has been returned by a fielder to

"A COUNTRY CRICKET MATCH."—From a

the wicket-keeper or bowler's hand. Thus if the stroke be a long one, the striker may have time to run perhaps three times between the wickets before the ball is thrown up, when three "runs" are accordingly placed to his credit by the scorers on their sheets. If, however, the bowler or wicket-keeper receives the ball and touches the wickets with it before the advancing batsman has reached his "ground" or touches it with his bat, the striker is out, and another man takes his place. Besides, if a ball from a stroke of a bat be caught by one of the opposite party before it reaches the ground, or if in striking at a ball the striker hits down his wicket, or if he willfully prevents a ball being caught, or strikes it twice, or if any part of his person stops a ball which would otherwise have hit his wicket, the striker is out.

It frequently happens that two skillful batsmen guard their wickets so effectually, and score so many runs to one particular style of bowling, that a change either of the bowlers or style of bowling is adopted by the other side. This change—say, from swift to slow bowling, or *vice versa*—generally produces the required results, and leads to the speedy retirement of the hitherto fortunate batsmen. The wicket-keeper's place is a very important one, his principal duty being to stop with his hands every ball the batsman misses, it being allowable to make runs (byes) for balls that elude his grasp. Behind him stands the long stop, who is always on the look-out for balls that escape the wicket-keeper. The fielders, who are posted in various parts of the ground, ought to possess quickness of eye and foot, and skill in picking up with either hand a ball that is running, and instantly throwing it to the wickets. They must also be well skilled in catching balls. Much depends on their judgment of distance between the point at which the ball is picked up and the wickets, as misconception of this may lead to overthrowing the ball or throwing it short, while the batsmen are profiting by the error, and scoring additional runs. Fielders usually throw the ball to the wicket-keeper, who returns it slowly to the bowler: this saves the hands of the latter from being unsteadied by catching long balls. At the end of every four bowls the bowler, wicket-keeper, long stop, and fielders change places, and thus every four balls are delivered from alternate wickets. Four balls constitute an "over."

That cricket originated in the lifetime of the immortal bard of Avon there can be no doubt; but that it came under his cognizance is a matter much to be questioned, as it is scarcely probable that a mind of Shakspeare's calibre, which conjured up such glowing imagery from trifling subjects, would have allowed even a novel game, rude though it undoubtedly would have been, to pass altogether unnoticed. True, it might—and unquestionably did—originate among the humbler classes of society, and most probably in the rural districts. The physical education of youth, such as it was, was narrowed to very small proportions, and this, no doubt, brought the inventive faculty forth. The earliest mention of cricket is made in the reign of Elizabeth. A document now in existence refers to a disputed piece of land—about an ac[illegible] and a q[illegible] the town of Guildford, Surr[illegible], and is e[illegible] Garden withheld from the [illegible]wn." Th[illegible] according to the testimony [illegible]f an impo[illegible] ness, was situated in the [illegible]ish of Ho[illegible] and had "time out of m[illegible]" belong[illegible] town, but was appropriat[illegible] by one J[illegible] rishe to the purposes of a [illegible]ber yard [illegible] er's framing ground. Th[illegible] appropria[illegible] rise to much dispute, and [illegible] the reign [illegible] beth an investigation of t[illegible] rights of [illegible] said "John Parrishe, in[illegible]der, now [illegible] took place. John Derri[illegible] a gentle[illegible] fifty-nine, and one of her [illegible]esty's co[illegible] the county of Surrey, said [illegible] knew th[illegible] question for fifty years o[illegible]ore. It [illegible] and was occupied by the in[illegible]bitants of

"—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN R. REID.

...and a quarter—in ..., and is entitled "A ...wn." This garden, ... an important wit- ...ish of Holy Trinity, ..." belonged to the ... by one JOHN PAR- ...ber yard and build- ...appropriation gave ...the reign of ELIZA- ...rights of the afore- ...der, now deceased, ... a gentleman, aged ...esty's coroners for ... knew the land in ...ore. It lay waste, ...itants of Guildford to saw timber on, and for saw-pits, and for making of frames of timber for the said inhabitants. When he was a scholar of the Free School at Guildford, he and several of his fellows did run and play there at cricket and other plays; and also, that the same was used for the baiting of bears in the said town, until the said JOHN PARRISHE did inclose the said parcel of land."

To give an idea of the attention paid to cricket in prose literature since the days of good Queen BESS would be an undertaking involving no little labor. Besides the authors who have dealt with it professionally—that is to say, given a description of the game, laying down laws in regard to playing it—there are hosts who have in one way or another made it a subject for their pens. Dean SWIFT, in satirizing John Bull, in 1712, says he could not help discovering some remains of his nature when he happened to meet with a foot-ball or a cricket match. Whatever may have been the public estimate of the game, it is quite clear that its progress was watched with a jealous eye by the censors of the time. Nor can this be much wondered at. The spirit of gambling which actuated the idle classes found its way into every kind of sport affording the least chance of action, and if great occasions presented themselves, they were not permitted to pass over unheeded. "The diversion of cricket," says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1743, "may be proper at holiday-time and in the country, but upon days when men ought to be busy, in the neighborhood of a great city, it is improper in a high degree: it draws numbers of people from their employments, to the ruin of their families; it brings together crowds of apprentices and servants whose time is not their own; it propagates a spirit of idleness at a juncture when with the utmost industry our debts, taxes, and decay of trade will scarce allow us to get bread; it is a most notorious breach of the laws, as it gives the most open encouragement to gaming, the advertisements most imprudently reciting that great sums are laid, that some people are so little ashamed of breaking the laws they had a hand in making that they give public notice of it." From the whole tone of this article it is clear the writer's pen was dipped in gall as well as ink. As an offset to it, we quote the following description of the necessary qualifications of a good cricket-player, from one who is clearly an admirer of the game: "A good cricketer should have an eye sharp as a needle, a hand as tough as a thimble, and a leg as light as a bodkin. Russia should be able to produce no leather equal to his lungs, and India should have no rubber half as elastic as his muscles. He should have an eye as steady as a glass, with a frame of iron, and his limbs should be a study to the limner. Cricket can only be played by men of excellent temper, willing, like HAMPDEN, to fall on the field, and who can submit cheerfully to the battery of the bat and of assault from the ball. The game is essentially English; and though our countrymen carry it abroad wherever they go, it is difficult to inoculate it or knock it into the foreigner. The Italians are too fat for cricket, the French too thin, the Dutch too dumpy, the